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## CANADIAN NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

I HAVE interpreted the title of this paper in the broadest sense, as including all branches of fiction, the novel proper, the romance, the short story, etc. When the subject first suggested itself to me, I felt that there was scarcely sufficient substance in it for even a short paper; but upon making a careful examination of the field, it appeared that, instead of the existing material being meager, I should have to resort to rigid compression to keep the paper within reasonable bounds. The very interesting section of French-Canadian fiction is consequently omitted altogether, to be dealt with perhaps on some future occasion, and in reviewing the course of the English section of our fiction I have confined anything like a full treatment of the novelists and their books to the earlier and little-known writers, passing over more recent names as briefly as possible.<sup>1</sup>

Under the adverse conditions of pioneer life in a new country the first feeble efforts toward literature, semiconscious at best, are found to be rather practical and utilitarian than intellectual. This applies especially to the case of Canada. Going back to the earliest beginning of our literary history, we find, first, certain rough and ready accounts of explorers and navigators, descriptions of the country, its natives, etc.

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NOTE.—This paper was read before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa on February 8, 1901, a few copies being printed for private distribution. It is believed to be of sufficient importance as a record to give circulation to it, and it is here published for the first time.—EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>A somewhat full consideration of the contemporary group of Canadian novelists will be found in an article by the writer in the *Forum*, New York, August, 1899.

Then, books of advice (wise or otherwise) to immigrants, and other things of the kind. Following these, we come upon a mass of controversial matter, pamphlets, broadsides, early newspapers, and the like, contemporary narratives, etc., all of which eventually become the happy hunting ground of the national historian. Afterwards the half-fledged offspring of the Colonial Muse appears, singing in halting measure the simple but sincere songs of the new land of promise. And, finally, come the novelists, product of a period when the colony is developing into something like nationhood; when the stress and strain of frontier life has worn off, and men have time and inclination to write and read fiction. This literary development is not, of course, as distinct and arbitrary as the statement would imply. We shall discover one or two premature novelists in the earlier periods of our history, but nevertheless anything like a general development in the writing of fiction or the appearance of a recognized group of Canadian novelists is not to be found except within the last decade or two.

The first novel written in Canada was "The History of Emily Montague," by Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec. This book belongs to the once popular class of epistolary novels. It was written in Quebec, and published at London in 1769, sixteen years after the appearance of the last of Richardson's famous trilogy of epistolary novels, "Sir Charles Grandison."

Mrs. Brooke's novel consists of a series of letters from Emily Montague, at Sillery, to her friends abroad, and gives an admirable picture of the life of the period at Quebec, both in city and garrison.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>"The History of Emily Montague." In four 12mo volumes. By the author of "Lady Julia Mandeville." London: Printed for J. Dodsley, 1769. Vol. I., 140 pp.; Vol. II., 240 pp.; Vol. III., 223 pp.; Vol. IV., 213 pp. This is the first edition. Another edition was published the same year at Dublin. It was translated into French by Robinet in 1770 (Amsterdam and Paris), and by Frenais the same year (Paris). Another Dublin edition appeared in 1789, and another French edition at Paris in 1809. The original edition was dedicated to the then Governor, Sir Guy Carleton.

Over half a century elapsed before anything further appeared, and to Upper Canada belongs the honor of having produced the second book of fiction written in Canada. This was "St. Ursula's Convent,"<sup>3</sup> a mediocre story, belonging to the same general type which became so prolific and popular many years after in the hands of writers like "Ouida" and "The Duchess." The novel was published anonymously, but it subsequently appeared that the author was Mrs. Julia Catherine Hart, a native of Fredericton, New Brunswick, and who was living in Kingston, Upper Canada, at the time her novel was published. Mrs. Hart subsequently wrote a second book, a tale of Indian warfare and intrigue, entitled "Tonnewonte."<sup>4</sup>

Maj. John Richardson, who may be regarded as the father of the historical novel in Canada, was born near Niagara Falls, Upper Canada, in 1797. He served in the war of 1812, and was taken prisoner, afterwards joining the British Legion in Spain, where he gathered material for one of his tales. In 1838 he returned to Canada, and devoted himself to literature and journalism. One of his romances, "Jack Brag in Spain," appeared in the *New Era*, or *Canadian Chronicle*, a newspaper which he had established at Brockville in 1840. His first book, however, appeared some years before this—"Ecarté; or, The Salons of Paris," a novel published at New York in 1829 in two volumes. This was followed, in 1833,

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<sup>3</sup>"St. Ursula's Convent; or, The Nun of Canada," containing scenes from real life. In two volumes. Kingston, Upper Canada: Printed by Hugh C. Thompson, 1824. Pages 101, 132.

<sup>4</sup>"Tonnewonte, the Adopted Son of America." A tale containing scenes from real life. By an American. Published for the trade. Exeter: B. H. Mader, 1831. Pages, 312. M. Philéas Gagnon, the well-known French-Canadian bibliographer, has an interesting paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. VI., second series, 1900-01, entitled: "Le premier roman canadien de sujet par un auteur canadien et imprime en Canada." In this paper he gives a full description of these two early Canadian novels, and a sketch of their author, Mrs. Hart (formerly Miss Julia Catherine Beckwith), who was born at Fredericton in 1796, and died in 1869. Mrs. Hart also wrote a third story, "Edith;" which, however, was never published.

by his most important work, "Wacousta; or, The Prophecy," a tale of Pontiac's war and of the siege of Detroit. Many of the scenes are laid in and around his boyhood home at Amherstburg. "Wacousta" was very favorably reviewed by such authoritative English journals as the *Athenæum* and *Satirist*. Richardson's third book, "The Canadian Brothers," is a vigorously written romance of the war of 1812, in which, as has been stated, he himself took a part.<sup>5</sup> This was followed by "Matilda Montgomerie," "Wau-na-gee; or, The Massacre of Chicago," "The Monk Knight of St. John," "Westbrook," "Tecumseh," and one or two others, founded chiefly upon incidents in Canadian history.

In 1838 the *Literary Garland*, a monthly magazine "devoted to the advancement of general literature," was started at Montreal, and for some years edited by John Gibson. The magazine ran for fourteen years, an unprecedented thing in Canada, and was by all odds the most important venture of the kind in the country up to that time.<sup>6</sup> Its contents were mainly fiction, from Canadian pens, among the chief contributors being Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill (two of the famous Strickland sisters), Mrs. Leprohon, Hugh E. Montgomerie, Rev. Joseph Abbott, Mrs. Maclachlan, Fennings Taylor, Dr. William Dunlop ("Tiger" Dunlop, as he was called) of the Canada Company, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Cheney, and Miss Foster, the last three sisters.

Mrs. Susan Moodie was born at Bungay, in the county of Sussex, England, in 1803. Four of her sisters, Elizabeth, Agnes, Jane, and Catharine, contributed to the literature of the period, the first two being authors of the standard works, "The Queens of England," "Queens of Scotland," etc. Susanna Strickland began to write when she was fifteen years of age, contributing short poems and tales to English annuals and magazines. In 1821 she married Mr. J. W. Dunbar Moodie, and they came to Canada the following year, settling on a farm near Port Hope, afterwards removing to a place

<sup>5</sup>Published at Montreal in 1840.

<sup>6</sup>First series, December, 1838, to December, 1842. New series, 1843 to 1852. Published by Lovell & Gibson.



at Peterborough, in what was then practically the wilderness. In her best-known book, "Roughing It in the Bush," Mrs. Moodie has given a graphic picture of the hardships they had to undergo in their backwoods home. Her first book written after she came to Canada was "Mark Hurdlestone, the Gold Worshiper."<sup>7</sup> This was followed by "Flora Lyndsay,"<sup>8</sup> "Matrimonial Speculations,"<sup>9</sup> "Roughing It in the Bush,"<sup>10</sup> "Life in the Clearings,"<sup>11</sup> "Dorothy Chance," "The Moncktons,"<sup>12</sup> etc.

Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, who died only a year or two ago, having nearly reached the century mark, was born in England in 1805.<sup>13</sup> She emigrated to Canada in 1832 with her husband, Lieut. Traill, of the Scotch Fusileers. They settled near Rice Lake, in Upper Canada, where nearly all her books were written. Besides several charmingly written books of science, which furnish delightful reading as well to the novice as to the naturalist, she was the author of a number of tales, among the chief of which may be mentioned "The Canadian Crusoes,"<sup>14</sup> "Lady Mary and Her Nurse,"<sup>15</sup> and "Stories of the Canadian Forest."<sup>16</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Published in 1852 in two volumes.

<sup>8</sup>"Flora Lyndsay; or, Passages in an Eventful Life," 1854.

<sup>9</sup>Published in 1854.

<sup>10</sup>"Roughing It in the Bush; or, Life in Canada," 1852.

<sup>11</sup>"Life in the Clearings through the Bush," 1853.

<sup>12</sup>Published in 1856 in two volumes.

NOTE.—Mrs. Moodie subsequently published a number of other novels and tales: "Hugh Latimer," "Rowland Massingham," "Adventures of Little Downey," "Soldiers' Orphans," "Over the Straits," "The World before Them," three volumes, and "George Leatrim" (1875). Mrs. Moodie died in 1885.

<sup>13</sup>An interesting biographical sketch of Mrs. Traill will be found in the introduction to one of the last of her books, "Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an Old Naturalist."

<sup>14</sup>Edited by Agnes Strickland. Published by Hall & Vertue, London, and afterwards by Nelson & Son, Edinburgh. It ran through numerous editions.

<sup>15</sup>Published in 1850. Name afterwards changed to "Afar in the Forest." Many subsequent editions.

<sup>16</sup>Published in 1856.

NOTE.—The last book Mrs. Traill published, "Cot and Cradle Stories," appeared in 1895, when she was well into her nineties.

Mrs. Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon was born and educated in Montreal. She contributed to the *Literary Garland* at the age of fourteen, and subsequently wrote a number of novels, romances, and short tales, as well as some rather mediocre poetry. Mr. Henry J. Morgan, in his "Bibliotheca Canadensis," says of her work in fiction: "She aimed principally to depict the state of society which existed in Canada prior to and immediately after the Conquest." Her first important novel was "Ida Beresford," which appeared in the *Literary Garland* in 1848. The following year "Florence Fitz Harding" appeared; and after these came in rapid succession "Eva Huntingdon," "Clarence Fitz Clarence," "Eveleen O'Donnell," "Armand Durand,"<sup>17</sup> "The Manor House of De Villeraï," and "Antoinette de Mirecourt."<sup>18</sup> The last three, as well as the first, were afterwards translated into French. "Ida Berescourt" was warmly praised by Mrs. Moodie in the *Victoria Magazine*, Belleville, of which she was then editor.

Turning now to the Lower Provinces, we come to a name which ranks head and shoulders above every other name in Canadian literature—Thomas Chandler Haliburton, "Sam Slick." Haliburton was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, on the 17th of December, 1796. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, graduating with honors; was called to the bar; and afterwards represented the county of Annapolis in the Provincial Assembly. In 1828, when only thirty-two years of age, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Nova Scotia, and in 1841 was transferred to the Supreme Court of that Province. In 1856 he removed to England and entered the English Parliament, where for several years he stanchly upheld colonial rights in an assembly that, when not actively hostile, was indifferent on the subject. He died at his English home, Gordon House, on the banks of the Thames, in 1865.

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<sup>17</sup>"Armand Durand; or, A Promise Fulfilled." Montreal, 1863, 8vo. Translated by J. A. Génand, 1869.

<sup>18</sup>"Antoinette de Mirecourt; or, Secret Marrying and Secret Sorrowing." A Canadian tale. Montreal, 1864. Pages 369, 12mo.

It is impossible to attempt to do even partial justice, within the limits of a general paper, to the work of one whom Artemus Ward pronounced to be the "father of the American school of humor." Haliburton was not only a genuine humorist—one whose humor never became forced and whose satire was absolutely free from that vitriolic quality which mars the work of so many writers—but he also possessed most of the qualities which belong to the successful novelist. His skill in character-drawing has rarely been excelled on this continent, and his dialogue and power of graphic description are only slightly less marked.

Haliburton's first book, "The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," appeared originally in the *Nova Scotian* in 1835-36. The *Nova Scotian* was then edited by another famous native of the Province, Joseph Howe. "The Clockmaker" was published by Howe in a small volume in 1837. It has since gone through some twenty editions, and was translated into German in 1840.<sup>19</sup> In that year "The Letter Bag of the Great Western"<sup>20</sup> appeared; and in 1843 "The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England."<sup>21</sup> "The Old Judge" came out in 1840, and was

<sup>19</sup>The first, second, and third series of "The Clockmaker" were published by Richard Bentley, London, in 1837, 1838, and 1840, respectively. They were reprinted in three volumes; 1838-43, in 8vo. The first United States edition was that of Lee & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1837. Other editions followed: Concord, 1838-39; Philadelphia, 1838, 2 vols.; Paris, 1841; New York, 1841; London, 1845; London, 1848; Philadelphia, 1857; New York, 1858; London, 1862; London, 1870; New York, 1872; London, 1878; London, 1884; New York, 1889. The German edition was published by Braunschweig.

<sup>20</sup>"The Letter Bag of the Great Western; or, Life in a Steamer." By the author of "The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick." Richard Bentley, London, 1840, 8vo.

<sup>21</sup>Four volumes. Bentley, London, 12mo. Other editions: London, 1849; New York, 1856; London, 1862; London, 1871. In Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" a curious mistake is made in speaking of this book. "In 1842," says Allibone, "the writer visited England as an attaché of the American Legation, and in the next year embodied the result of his observations on English society in his amusing work, 'The Attaché.'" This, of course, is absurd. The only time Haliburton visited England was in 1856, when he made his home there permanently, and entered the

translated into both French and German, besides running through many editions in English.<sup>22</sup> "Wise Saws and Modern Instances"<sup>23</sup> was published in 1853 in two volumes, and "Nature and Human Nature"<sup>24</sup> in 1855.<sup>25</sup>

The *Illustrated London News* of July 15, 1842, contained a sympathetic review of Judge Haliburton's work, from which the following is taken:

The primary cause of its success, we conceive, may be found in its sound, sagacious, unexaggerated views of human nature—not of human nature as it is modified by artificial institutions and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion; but as it exists in a free and comparatively unsophisticated state, full of faith in its own impulses, and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity; adventurous, self-relying, untrammelled by social etiquette; giving full vent to the emotions that rise within its breast, regardless of the distinctions of caste; but ready to find friends and brethren among all of whom it may come in contact.

"Sam Slick" has found his way into every corner of the earth. A traveler records his surprise and pleasure at meeting with a well-thumbed copy in a log hut in the woods of the Mississippi Valley. Another traveler found one in the most northern town in the world, Hammerfest, Norway, where it was the constant companion of the British Consul. Forty years ago it is recorded that an able but very eccentric

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British Parliament. As a Canadian and a British subject he could not possibly be an attaché of the American Legation.

<sup>22</sup>"The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony." By the author of "Sam Slick the Clockmaker." Two volumes. Henry Colburn, London, 1849, 8vo. Appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine* in February, 1847. Other editions: New York, 1849; London, 1860; New York, 1862; New York, 1880. Translated into German in 1849-50, and published in three volumes. French translation, "Le Vieux Juge," *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, Tom. x., 1849.

<sup>23</sup>"Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or, What He Said, Did, or Invented." Two volumes. Hurst & Blackett, London, 1853, 8vo. Other editions: Philadelphia, 1853; London, 1859.

<sup>24</sup>"Nature and Human Nature." By the author of "Sam Slick the Clockmaker." Two volumes. Hurst & Blackett, London, 1855, 8vo. New York, 1855; London, 1859.

<sup>25</sup>A book wrongly ascribed to Haliburton in the "English Catalogue," Morgan's "Bibliotheca Canadensis," etc., is "Kentucky: A Tale." London, 1834. It is simply an English edition, with a different title, of James Hall's "The Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky," 1833.

Danish Governor at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was noted far and wide for his excessive admiration for "Sam Slick" and his sayings. Whenever a very knotty point arose before him and his Council, which consisted of three persons, he used to say: "We must adjourn till to-morrow. I should like to look into this point. I must see what Sam Slick has to say about it."

As Nova Scotia had her preëminent man of letters, so New Brunswick might also boast of hers, though on a lower plane than Haliburton. James De Mille was born at St. John, New Brunswick, in 1834, and died in 1880. He was educated at Acadia College, Wolfville, and at Brown University. From 1860 to 1865 he filled the important chair of Classics in the faculty of Acadia, and was afterwards Professor of History and Rhetoric at Dalhousie College, Halifax. He was the author of some twenty or thirty novels and tales, all published in the United States. The Harpers brought out some of his best books: "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creece,"<sup>26</sup> "The Cryptogram,"<sup>27</sup> "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder,"<sup>28</sup> etc. Several of these first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* as serials.

De Mille's first book was "Helena's Household," a story of the catacombs at Rome, in the days of the persecution of the Christians. "The Dodge Club" was published in 1869, some months before the first appearance of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." It is a curious coincidence that two books so similar in arrangement and style of humor should have appeared the same year. There can be no possibility that one borrowed from the other, for De Mille's book appeared before "Innocents Abroad," and it would be absurd to suppose that a writer of Mark Twain's superabundant humor and intellectual resource could have the slightest occasion to pick another man's brains. While on the subject of coincidences, it might be noted that "The Clockmaker" first appeared in 1835, some months before "Pickwick Pa-

<sup>26</sup>Published in 1869.

<sup>28</sup>Published in 1888, after his death.

<sup>27</sup>Published in 1871.



pers." Any one who has read the two books must have been struck with their marked resemblance both in plan and treatment. As it has been actually charged against both Haliburton and De Mille that they borrowed from Dickens and Mark Twain respectively, it is important to lay emphasis on the fact that in each case the Canadian book appeared first.

Although Mrs. Scott Siddons selected it for one of her readings, and was enthusiastic in its praise, "The Dodge Club" hardly comes up to the level of "Innocents Abroad." It does not possess the overmastering appeal of Mark Twain's book, though its humor is as true and the narrative equally bright and entertaining.

James De Mille's novels did not in any case represent the best work of which he was capable. He was always an extremely busy man, and his books of fiction were written at night, after the fatiguing work of the lecture room had been gone through. He himself called them mere "Potboilers," and looked forward to a period of comparative leisure, when he might produce the best that was in him. He died, however, in the prime of life, before his dream could be fulfilled.

Personally he was a most charming companion, a genial and entertaining talker among his friends, a musician and artist of more than ordinary skill, and a remarkable linguist. He read and spoke nearly all the languages of Europe, understood Latin, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon, and had a working knowledge of Arabic and Sanskrit. He had wandered into every road and byway of English literature, and enriched a text-book on rhetoric which he prepared with such a wealth of illustrative passages from the English classics as will hardly be found elsewhere.<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>The following is a fairly complete list of Prof. De Mille's books of fiction, besides those mentioned above: "Martyrs of the Catacombs," 1858; "Andy O'Hara," 1860; "John Wheeler's Two Uncles," 1860; "The Soldier and the Spy," 1865; "Arkansas Ranger," 1865; "The Lily and the Cross," 1874, 1893; "Lady of the Ice," 1870; "An Open Question," 1872; "The American Baron," 1869; "The Living Link," 1874; "A Comedy of Terrors," 1872; "The Babes in the Wood," 1879; "A Castle in Spain," 1883. The dates of publication are those given in Allibone's "Dictionary

From about 1860, when the last of Maj. Richardson's books appeared, no book of fiction of any consequence came out in Upper Canada (or Ontario) until the year 1874, when Miss Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston, a friend of Whit-tier's, published a little tale called "For King and Country." This is a story of the War of 1812, giving not only an excellent picture of the chief operations in the Niagara Campaign, but also containing several charming descriptive passages of the scenery of the Peninsula. Miss Machar has since written a number of other novels and tales, chiefly appealing to juvenile readers. She is also the author of a volume of very fair verse.

In 1877 Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, of Montreal, published a story of the American invasion of Canada in 1775-76, under the title "The Bastonnais." This book was afterwards translated into French.

In the same year William Kirby's historical romance, "Le Chien D'Or," appeared in an unauthorized American edition. Several subsequent editions were published in the United States, also without the author's consent, and it was not until as recently as 1897 that the first authorized edition appeared from the publishing house of L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, under the title "The Golden Dog." It is a curious and not very creditable fact that this novel, which ranks among the best written by a Canadian, has never yet appeared in a Canadian edition.

Mr. Kirby's romance is founded on an ancient tablet, containing an inscription surmounted by a golden dog. The tablet originally stood in the face of a building in the city of Quebec, dating from before the Conquest. When the building was pulled down, in 1871, the tablet was removed and placed above the entrance to the post office, where it may still be seen. From the legend connected with this tablet, and from the love affairs of the notorious Bigot, Intendant of New France, Mr. Kirby constructed his fascinating romance.

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of Authors;" but their absolute accuracy is problematical, as MacFarlane, in his "Bibliography of New Brunswick," gives different dates in nearly every instance, while he, again, is not sure of some of his own dates.

Sir James LeMoine mentions a pleasing incident in connection with "The Golden Dog." It appears that Kirby was present as a member of the Royal Society of Canada at the "At Home" given to the Society in 1883 by its founder, the Marquis of Lorne. After some of the leading members of the Society had been presented, the Princess Louise sent an aide-de-camp to Mr. Kirby, and after he had been presented to her, conveyed to him publicly the Queen's thanks for the pleasure Her Majesty had felt in reading his book. This incident is noticeable not only as a personal tribute to Mr. Kirby, but also as marking in a peculiar degree the thoughtfulness and tact for which the late Queen was so justly noted.

Another interesting point in connection with Mr. Kirby's novel may also be mentioned. It is embodied in the following letter, which I received a short time since from Mr. G. Mercer Adam, a Canadian man of letters, now editing the American edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and who was for some years editor of the *Canadian Monthly*, Toronto:

"Early in 1878," he writes, "I was instrumental in bringing out William Kirby's Canadian romance, 'Le Chien D'Or,' which was founded on the legend related by J. M. LeMoine in his 'Maple Leaves.' The London *Graphic*, in an issue subsequent to this, published a novelette with the same name, contributed by Besant and Rice when these writers were working their literary partnership. About this time a number of piracies of Canadian things had been appearing in England, owing to the then absence of an international copyright. Among these unacknowledged reprints was the episode in regard to Lord Nelson related by LeMoine in 'Maple Leaves,' and other things. Being interested as a Canadian writer and publisher, I wrote a letter protesting against these delinquencies, which was published in the Toronto newspapers as well as in the London *Athenæum*. In that letter I gibbeted Besant and Rice among the latter delinquents, who, as I conceived, had just boiled down Kirby's romance and made a novelette of it for the *Graphic*, and this without a word of acknowledgment. I was by no means alone in conceiving that the *Graphic* novelette was a plagiarism; not only Kirby, the author of the story, was convinced of the theft, but LeMoine, of Quebec, was also of this opinion, and when my *Athenæum* letter appeared he was about to write showing up the appropriation in the London *Times*. Of this he tells me in a letter from him in my possession, dated September 24, 1878. He calls Besant and Rice's novelette a 'clumsy, pale copy of a good original'—Kirby's 'Chien D'Or,' and adds that if Besant and Rice's denial that they had ever seen the latter is to be accepted, 'then a curious literary coincidence must be accounted for.' Well, the English

novelists threatened legal action and cabled this information over, promising to send by mail a categorical denial of my charge. To meet this and defend myself, I prepared a careful and lengthy statement enumerating all the points of resemblance between Kirby's book and their novelette, and my statement appeared in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, occupying some columns in length, on or about September 22, 1878. Of course, as a gentleman, I was bound to accept their denial, and I closed by withdrawing my statements, and the suit fell to the ground. The points I made, however, were so convincing that every one believed that I had hit the nail on the head, and that the English novelists (Rice especially) were the culprits I had taken them to be. Rice, Dr. S. E. Dawson (then a publisher in Montreal) afterwards told me, was in Canada the previous summer, and had asked for any recent native literature, which he took home with him."

"The Golden Dog" has been twice translated into French, once by Mr. Louis Fréchette, and again by Mr. Pamphile LeMay, both of them very prominent in the French-Canadian world of letters. Mr. LeMay had already won even higher merit as a translator by his fine rendering into French of "Evangeline," which won the warm praise of Longfellow himself.<sup>30</sup>

In 1886 a romance entitled "An Algonquin Maiden," by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald and G. Mercer Adam, was published at Toronto. It deals in a vivid and picturesque manner with the critical period in Upper Canada between the War of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837. A new edition is said to be in contemplation by a Toronto publisher.

Sir Gilbert Parker may very properly be regarded as Canada's leading novelist, whether we consider him merely among his contemporaries or with the whole group of Canadian novelists. He is *not* to be compared with Haliburton; for Haliburton, though, as has been pointed out, his books reveal the essential qualities of a true novelist, was first and foremost a humorist.

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<sup>30</sup>For a full account of "The Golden Dog" legend see Sir James LeMoine's "Maple Leaves," 1873, page 89.

The legend referred to above is as follows:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,  
En le rongeant, je prends mon repos;  
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,  
Que je morderai qui m'aura mordu."

Sir Gilbert Parker was born at Camden, East Ontario, in the year 1862. He studied at the Normal School, Ottawa, and at Trinity College, Toronto, where he was also for a time lecturer in English literature. He went to Australia shortly afterwards, owing to ill health, and became associate editor of the *Morning Herald*. He traveled extensively among the South Sea Islands, embodying the result of his observations in a book of travel, "Round the Compass in Australia." While there he also wrote several plays, "The Vendetta," "No Defense," and an adaptation of "Faust." He subsequently returned to Canada and traveled extensively in the Northwest, where he gathered materials for several of his subsequent books. He afterwards removed to England, which has since been his home.

His first novel, apart from short stories, was "Mrs. Falcon," published in 1893. The scene is laid partly in Western Canada and partly in the Far East. In nearly all his subsequent romances the scene is laid entirely in his native country. His second novel was "The Trespasser,"<sup>31</sup> which was followed by "The Translation of a Savage,"<sup>32</sup> in which an Englishman marries a beautiful young Indian girl, and carries her back with him to his English home, with unhappy results to her. "The Trail of the Sword,"<sup>33</sup> "When Valmond Came to Pontiac,"<sup>34</sup> "The Seats of the Mighty,"<sup>35</sup> and "The Pomp of the Lavillettes"<sup>36</sup> followed in rapid succession, marking an almost continuous improvement in the author's style and in the symmetrical treatment of his theme. "The Trail of the Sword" has since been translated into French, and "The Seats of the Mighty" has been successfully dramatized. In 1898 he published "The Battle of the Strong," undoubtedly the strongest and most sustained piece of work he has yet put forth. The scene is in the island of Jersey and in France, the plot is intensely dramatic and skillfully developed, and the characters are drawn with an assured touch.

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<sup>31</sup>Published in 1893.

<sup>32</sup>Published in 1894.

<sup>33</sup>Published in 1894.

<sup>34</sup>Published in 1895.

<sup>35</sup>Published in 1896.

<sup>36</sup>Published in 1897.



In a recent letter Sir Gilbert tells me that he has completed a new Canadian novel, as well as another dealing with modern life in Egypt. He has also written a number of sketches of Anglo-Egyptian life, some of which have appeared in English and American magazines, and others are to follow. It is to be hoped that his new duties in the British Parliament will not be allowed to interfere with his value as a man of letters.<sup>87</sup>

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is a man of exceptionally wide intellectual activity. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, the same venerable institution from which graduated Haliburton and many others who have left their mark on Canadian literature or public life. Mr. Roberts subsequently filled the chair of English Literature at King's College for several years. He afterwards edited the *Toronto Week*, and was for a time associate editor of the *New York Illustrated American*. Of late years he has devoted himself entirely to literary work. Even before he left college Mr. Roberts had begun his literary career. His first book of verse was published about this time, and it was followed at intervals by some half dozen other volumes of poetry, the best of which he is about to republish in a *Collected Edition*.<sup>88</sup> He has also found time to write an excellent "History of Canada," a Canadian guidebook, and, what we are more immediately concerned with, several books of short stories and a series of historical romances.

His first romance was "The Forge in the Forest," published in 1897, and this was followed by "A Sister to Evangeline," which is in the nature of a sequel to the first book. The

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<sup>87</sup>Since this paper was read Sir Gilbert Parker has brought out the new Canadian novel referred to above. It is entitled "The Right of Way," published in 1901, and shared with two other Canadian books of fiction by Thompson-Seton and "Ralph Connor" the distinction of heading the list of most popular books in the United States publishers' lists and library reports in December, 1901. The plot is of the "Enoch Arden" type, and is finely worked out.

<sup>88</sup>Published in 1901. It embodies an excellent selection of his verses, though one would perhaps have liked to see a few more of the earlier poems.

scene of both novels is laid in Nova Scotia, in the days when the Acadians were still tilling their dike lands around Grand Pré and the Black Abbé was plotting for the overthrow of English authority in the Province. These stories are excellent examples of that very popular type of fiction—the historical novel. No one is more competent to write authoritatively and entertainingly of the romantic incidents of early days in Nova Scotia than Mr. Roberts. In these books he has charmingly combined the veracity of the historian with the imagination of the novelist. They are among the best books of the kind that we have yet had in Canadian fiction.<sup>39</sup>

During the past few years a number of new historical romances have been written and published by Canadian writers, but it will not be possible to do more than touch upon them in the briefest possible way.

"The False Chevalier,"<sup>40</sup> by W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, is a very readable romance of New France; and the way in which it came to be written is almost as romantic as the story itself. It appears that a bundle of ancient papers was accidentally discovered in an old manor house in the Province of Quebec, and these, coming into Mr. Lighthall's hands, were worked into the present fascinating story.

Another Montreal novelist is Mr. William McLennan, whose first book, "Spanish John,"<sup>41</sup> had a somewhat similar origin to that of Mr. Lighthall. "Spanish John" is a tale of the days when the Young Pretender was making a last desperate effort to regain the throne of his fathers. The scene is laid partly in Scotland and partly on the Continent. Mr. McLennan's second book, "Span o' Life,"<sup>42</sup> written in conjunction with Miss Jean N. McIlwraith, of Hamilton, Ontario, is placed in that romantic period of Canadian history surrounding the final conflict between France and England for the mastery of the New World. The story gives a vivid and

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<sup>39</sup>Mr. Roberts has completed a new historical novel entitled "Barbara Ladd," the scene of which is placed in the same picturesque province by the sea.

<sup>40</sup>Published in 1889.

<sup>42</sup>New York, 1899.

<sup>41</sup>New York, 1898.

convincing picture of the time, and covers both the Louisbourg Siege and also the final Siege of Quebec.<sup>43</sup>

Miss Blance Lucile McDonell, of Montreal, brought out in 1898 a romance of French Canada entitled "Diane of Ville-Marie." The scene is laid in Montreal in the days when Frontenac was Governor of New France, and the gigantic and masterful Dollier de Casson ruled the spiritual destinies of Ville-Marie.

"Marguerite de Roberval,"<sup>44</sup> by Mr. T. G. Marquis, Principal of the Collegiate Institute at Brockville, is a romance of the days of Jacques Cartier. It is founded on a picturesque old legend, which the early French-Canadian historians gave credence to, but which Parkman would not vouch for. The legend was to the effect that Roberval on his final voyage to New France brought with him his beautiful niece, Marguerite. Her lover slipped on board the vessel without Roberval's knowledge or permission, and in fact against his express command. His discovery led to a violent scene. Subsequently, malicious friends came to Roberval with scandalous tales involving Marguerite and her lover. Roberval's rage now knew no bounds, and embraced Marguerite as well as her lover. He left them unpunished until the vessel reached a bleak, uninhabited island, somewhere near the Straits of Belle Isle, called suggestively the Isle of Demons. Here he put them ashore with a few provisions, and abandoned them to their fate. In some versions of the story Marguerite's old nurse was permitted to accompany her unfortunate mistress. The tragic history of their life on the desolate and haunted island furnishes the substance of Mr. Marquis's romance. Marguerite is finally left the sole survivor, is rescued by a passing vessel, and carried back to France, where she tells her pitiful tale to the nuns of a friendly convent. The same story has been graphically told in a long narrative poem by the late Mr. George Martin, of Mon-

<sup>43</sup>Miss McIlwraith has since brought out a novel of her own, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," Boston, 1901. This is an historical novel of the days before the conquest of Quebec.

<sup>44</sup>London, 1899.

trear. Col. Hunter-Duvar, the Prince Edward Island poet, also worked it into his drama "Roberval." It will be found, in a somewhat different form, in the famous collection of tales, "The Heptameron," of Marguerite of Navarre.

Mr. Edgar M. Smith is the author of an historical romance entitled "Aneroestes the Gaul,"<sup>45</sup> which has been warmly praised by several leading English reviewers. It deals with the period of Hannibal's invasion of Rome—the second Punic war—and is not only a graphic and forcible story of that famous campaign, but reveals a surprisingly close knowledge of the period. It is almost more valuable as a fragment of history than as a romance.

Miss Agness C. Laut, of Ottawa, published a few months ago a romance of the early days in the great Northwest, when the hitherto all-powerful Hudson Bay Company was fighting for its existence with the young and vigorous Canadian company of the Northwest. Her book is entitled "Lords of the North,"<sup>46</sup> and is the first attempt to put the records of this period of Canadian history into the form of romance.

"With Ring of Shield,"<sup>47</sup> by Mr. Knox Magee, of Toronto, is a stirring tale of the days of the hunchbacked king, Richard the Third of England.

There are several other books in Canadian fiction which, although not historical in subject, partake more of the nature of the romance than of the novel. Such a one is Mrs. Harrison's "Forest of Bourg-Marie,"<sup>48</sup> which Robert Barr has so deservedly praised in a recent article. It is the only sustained story which we have of modern life in French Canada, and is on the whole remarkably true to life and a strong piece of work both as regards matter and style.

Another book of the same class is "Rose à Charlitte,"<sup>49</sup> by Miss Marshall Saunders, of Halifax. This is a romance of

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<sup>45</sup>Fisher Unwin, London, 1898. Grafton & Son, Montreal.

<sup>46</sup>Briggs, Toronto, 1901. Miss Laut has since completed a second historical novel, "Heralds of Empire."

<sup>47</sup>Toronto, 1900. Mr. Magee has since published "Mark Everard" (1901), a romance of Elizabethan England.

<sup>48</sup>Morang, Toronto, 1898.

<sup>49</sup>Page & Co., Boston, 1898.

modern life, the scene of which is laid on the Nova Scotia coast of the Bay of Fundy, among the homes of the modern Acadians. Miss Saunders is also the author of several other books of fiction: "Beautiful Joe," which was published several years ago, reaching a circulation of about half a million copies in the United States and Canada, and being translated into German, Swedish, and Japanese; "Deficient Saints,"<sup>50</sup> a novel of New England life and character; "Her Sailor,"<sup>51</sup> a modern love story, enlarged from an earlier book, "Her Spanish Sailor;" and several other shorter stories appealing rather to juvenile than adult readers.

Miss Lily Dougall, of Montreal, is the author of a number of novels, all of them of good quality. Her first book, "Beggars All," was published in 1891, and was highly praised by the London *Academy* and other authoritative journals. This was followed by "What Necessity Knows" (1893); "The Mermaid" (1895); "Zeit Geist" (1895), a rather remarkable departure in fiction, which created something of a sensation when it first appeared; "A Question of Faith" (1895); "The Madonna of a Day" (1896);<sup>52</sup> "A Dozen Ways of Love" (1897); and "A Mormon Prophet."<sup>53</sup> The last puts into the form of a novel the early history of the Mormons and of the remarkable man who founded that sect. Several of the other books have their scenes laid in Canada.

Mr. Grant Allen, who died in England a short time ago, was, as of course every one knows, a Canadian by birth. He spent the greater part of his life, however, in England, and his books are in no sense Canadian either in tone or theme. So far as his novels are concerned, perhaps we need not be overanxious to claim them in any event. He was much more brilliant, edifying, and successful (and one might also say much more entertaining) as a scientific writer than as a novelist.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (formerly Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan) was born in Brantford, Ontario, and spent the first twenty years or so of her life in her native country. Her

<sup>50</sup>Page & Co., Boston, 1899.

<sup>51</sup>Page & Co., Boston, 1900.

<sup>52</sup>Appeared originally in *Temple Bar*.

<sup>53</sup>Toronto, 1899.



home is now in Simla, India, where her husband is a practicing physician. She has devoted herself to the writing of fiction for the past ten or twelve years. As a Canadian novelist she stands almost in a class by herself. Her books—or, at any rate, the best of them—are instinct with a certain quiet humor which is all her own, and which is as rare as it is enjoyable. Her first and best book was "A Social Departure," published in 1890.<sup>54</sup> In this she tells in a charmingly fresh and original manner the adventures of herself and one Orthodocia in their unchaperoned journey around the world. The book is something akin to DeMille's "Dodge Club" in plan and humor, and might also be classed with Grant Allen's "Miss Cayley's Adventures" and Robert Barr's "Jennie Baxter, Journalist;" but it appeals to the present generation more keenly than the "Dodge Club," and is vastly superior, both in narrative and in the quality of its humor, to the other two. Some of the scenes, such as the Japanese reporter's interview and Orthodocia's experience in a Japanese bath tub, are quite irresistible.

Her second book was "An American Girl in London,"<sup>55</sup> which sufficiently describes itself. It is almost as amusing and entertaining as its predecessor. This was followed by "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," "Vernon's Aunt,"<sup>56</sup> "The Story of Sonny Sahib," "A Daughter of To-Day," "His Honor and a Lady," "A Voyage of Consolation," and "The Path of a Star."<sup>57</sup> The last book is much inferior to Mrs. Cotes's earlier work, and is a disappointment to those who have learned to look for something above mediocrity from her.

Robert Barr began his literary life as a humorist, writing for the *Detroit Free Press* under the pen name of "Luke Sharp." He afterwards drifted into short stories, and from that into novels and romances; and his last published book is

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<sup>54</sup>"A Social Departure; or, How Orthodocia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves." London, 1890.

<sup>55</sup>Published originally in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, London.

<sup>56</sup>Published in 1895.

<sup>57</sup>Published in 1899.

an entertaining volume of travels in the Mediterranean.<sup>58</sup> His literary career has thus been a varied one.

His first book was entitled "Strange Happenings," and was published in 1882, before he had left his boyhood's home in Ontario. He offered the manuscript to all the leading newspapers of the province, but they would not look at it. He then tried the *Detroit Free Press*, which not only accepted it but, what is more to the point, paid generously for it, and offered him a position on the staff of the paper. "Strange Happenings" consists of a humorous account of a voyage in a small boat around the southern shore of Lake Erie. It is not unlike Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" in style and plan. Possibly there existed some unconscious affinity between them, for we find in after years the two novelists joining in the establishment of that amusing little monthly, the *London Idler*; which, by the way, has sadly degenerated in other hands from the brightness and humor of its first numbers.

In 1892 Mr. Barr published "In a Steamer Chair," and after that "From Whose Bourne" (1893), "The Face and the Mask" (1894), "In the Midst of Alarms" (1894)—a humorous account of the Fenian Raid in the sixties<sup>59</sup>—"A Woman Intervenes" (1896), "The Mutabe Many" (1896), "One Day's Courtship" (1897), and "Tekla" (1898).

A few years ago a modest volume made its appearance in Toronto under the title "Black Rock."<sup>60</sup> Being unassuming, it did not at first attract much attention. Its publishers were, fortunately, not of that enterprising type which announces a hundred-thousand edition before the book is on the market. "Black Rock" was therefore left to make its own way in the world, as any good book should, and its subsequent success is a striking tribute to the soundness of pub-

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<sup>58</sup>He has recently completed a volume of short stories, "The Merry Monarch," narrating the romantic adventures of one of the Scottish kings.

<sup>59</sup>Mr. Barr was a Canadian volunteer at the time of the Fenian Raid.

<sup>60</sup>"Black Rock." By Ralph Connor, Toronto. The Westminster Company, 1898. New edition, Toronto, 1899, with an introduction.

lic taste. Slowly but surely the book gained ground, as one reader recommended it to another, until "Black Rock" became recognized as one of the strongest books of the year. And yet it had no artificial boom, no heralding of its merits to an expectant world; and it was, moreover, quite free from any tinge of sensationalism to appeal to the jaded taste of a public surfeited with new fiction. The author's name given on the title-page was Ralph Connor, but this soon became recognized as a *nom de plume*, and it leaked out that the author was Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church.

The origin of "Black Rock" was as modest as its appearance. It seems that Mr. Gordon, anxious to raise funds for his mission in the far West, discussed the matter with the editor of the *Westminster*, a Toronto magazine. The editor suggested that he should put his appeal before the public in the popular form of fiction, and Mr. Gordon, after some hesitation, agreed to this, and sent to the *Westminster* a sketch of a mining camp in the Rockies, such a camp as formed the scene of his own missionary labors. This afterwards became the first chapter of "Black Rock," and was followed by others until the story was completed. It is not particularly well constructed so far as plot is concerned, but this weakness is more than redeemed by the freshness and originality of its treatment. It is a strong, sincere, and very dramatic piece of work—altogether one of the best bits of fiction produced by a Canadian.

A beautiful little idyl of the foothills of the Rockies, called "Beyond the Marshes," was Mr. Gordon's next contribution to Canadian literature. This sketch was prefaced by a sympathetic introduction by the Countess of Aberdeen.

In the "Sky Pilot"<sup>61</sup> Mr. Gordon changed his scene from the Pacific Slope of the Rockies to the foothills and plains on the eastern side of the mountains—somewhere in the neighborhood of Calgary or Fort McLeod. This book has, if any-

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<sup>61</sup>"The Sky Pilot," a tale of the foothills. By Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Company, 1899. New edition, 1899.

thing, had a wider success than "Black Rock," and the two books have reached an enormous circulation in the United States and Canada, and are beginning to make headway in England, always an uncertain field for transatlantic books.

Two sisters, the Misses Lizars, of Stratford, Ontario, brought out a few years ago a couple of remarkably interesting and attractively written books; the first called "In the Days of the Canada Company," and the second, "Humors of '37." They are, as their titles imply, contributions to the early history of Ontario, but have none of the dry-as-dust quality of conventional histories. Since the appearance of these two books the sisters have again collaborated upon a book of fiction, "Committed to His Charge,"<sup>62</sup> a simple story of village life in Ontario, graphically told, and with not a little quiet humor. The story is something in the manner of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford."

Another Canadian book of the same class is "Baldoon,"<sup>63</sup> by the Rev. LeRoy Hooker, a Canadian clergyman now living in Chicago. This book is perhaps more closely akin to Barrie's "Window in Thrums" than to "Cranford," the humor being essentially Scotch in tone. Mr. Hooker also wrote another book, "Enoch the Philistine."

Miss Joanna E. Wood, of Queenstown, Ont., is the author of several books of fiction. The first two, "The Untempered Wind" (1894) and "Judith Moore" (1898), are novels of rural life in Ontario. The third, lately published, "A Daughter of Witches" (1900), is a rather clever study of character as found in a New England environment. Miss Wood has completed a fourth book "Farden Ha!" the scene of which is laid in Scotland, and which promises to be the best she has yet written.

A new type of fiction has lately become popular with Canadian novelists. It aims to bring the life of what we call the "lower animals" sympathetically before human readers. The idea is not an entirely new one, for Kipling (to cite no earlier

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<sup>62</sup>Morang, Toronto, 1900.

<sup>63</sup>Chicago, 1899; Toronto, 1900.

examples) introduced it very successfully in his *Jungle Books*. The Canadian stories, however, are sufficiently different in treatment, scenery, and in the animals they introduce to appeal with something of novel force to present-day readers.

The first and best of these animal books is Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton's "Wild Animals I Have Known."<sup>64</sup> Since the publication of this delightful collection of animal tales, Mr. Thompson-Seton has brought out two additional stories, the first entitled "The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag"<sup>65</sup> and the second "The Biography of a Grizzly."<sup>66</sup>

Another book of the same class is Mr. W. A. Fraser's "Mooswa, and Others of the Boundaries,"<sup>67</sup> which first appeared as a serial in the *Canadian Magazine*. Mr. Fraser has completed a new animal story, "The Outcasts,"<sup>68</sup> which is to be published this year [1901].

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has also entered the same field with his "Heart of the Ancient Wood" (1900), in which, however, the human element is introduced more freely than in any of the other animal stories.

All of these books are good in their way, and each contains sufficient originality to save it from any suggestion of plagiarism, either in matter or ideas; but there is a possibility that if the thing be carried too far the public will grow tired. It is a familiar phenomenon in the book world that when one man makes a success of a new departure in fiction, others immediately rush in to gather the aftermath, until the type becomes a positive bore. Already a dozen or more American writers have taken advantage of Thompson-Seton's phenomenal success to force upon the market more or less crude attempts in the same direction.

The field of juvenile fiction has been by no means neglected in Canada, but it is impossible to more than touch upon

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<sup>64</sup>Scribner's, New York, 1898.

<sup>65</sup>New York, 1899.

<sup>66</sup>New York, 1900. Mr. Thompson-Seton has since published another collection of animal stories, "Lives of the Hunted," New York, 1901.

<sup>67</sup>New York, 1900; Briggs, Toronto, 1900.

<sup>68</sup>New York and Toronto, 1901.



it here. Two or three successful writers of boys' stories may be mentioned in passing.

James DeMille, whose work in fiction has already been dealt with, brought out a number of excellent boys' books in two series, "The B. O. W. C." (Boys of Wolfville College)<sup>69</sup> and "Young Dodge Club,"<sup>70</sup> the former in six volumes and the latter in three. Most of these books have run through several editions.

Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, who has devoted himself almost exclusively to this class of fiction, promises to be almost as prolific a writer as the renowned Mr. Henty. Since the publication of his first story, "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," in 1887, he has brought out some fifteen or sixteen books of adventure, all good of their kind. Mr. E. W. Thomson, until lately editor of the *Youth's Companion*, has also done excellent work in this field.

It is interesting to note how very generally our Canadian poets have dabbled in fiction, and, comparatively speaking, with what scant success. Mr. Roberts has certainly produced some very fair romances and short stories, and he must be taken as an exception to the rule. Charles Heavysege, the old Montreal dramatist, whose splendid drama "Saul" received such warm praise from Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, and Coventry Patmore, once tried his hand at a novel, but the result, which he called "The Advocate,"<sup>71</sup> was a most lamentable failure. John Hunter-Duvar, the Prince Edward Island poet, published a rather dainty piece of imaginative work, "Annals of the Court of Oberon;" but the historical novel which he subsequently wrote, and thought to be the best thing he had ever written, is such a crude and tedious bit of fiction as no publisher would ever dream of putting on the market. It is still in manuscript. Archibald Lampman began an ambitious novel while at college, but gave it up after writing two or three chapters. Duncan Campbell Scott has published one

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<sup>69</sup>Published in 1869-1873.

<sup>70</sup>Published in 1871-1877.

<sup>71</sup>"The Advocate," a novel. Montreal, 1865, 8vo.

little book of short stories, excellent so far as they go, but, up to the present, he has produced nothing more, at any rate in book form. Isabella Valancy Crawford, William Wilfred Campbell,<sup>72</sup> Jean Blewett, Frederick George Scott, Louis Fréchette, and others of our poets have made random attempts at writing fiction, but apparently have regarded it rather as a recreation from the more serious work of writing poetry. This attitude, of course, never yet brought success, and never will. In fact, the qualities that go to make a successful poet rarely produce a successful novelist.

The short story has been a very popular form with Canadian novelists, especially of late years. Most of the writers who have done more sustained work in fiction have at one time or another attempted the short story, not realizing, too often, that the short story requires a distinct gift, and that it can no more be successfully written by *any* novelist than a sonnet may be written by *any* poet or a miniature painted by *any* artist.

Sir Gilbert Parker has published so far three volumes of short stories, "Pierre and His People"<sup>73</sup> (his first contribution to fiction), "An Adventurer of the North"<sup>74</sup> (in which the adventures of Pretty Pierre are continued), and "The Lane That Had No Turning."<sup>75</sup> The scenery of the first two books is in the Canadian Northwest, and the latter is placed in Quebec. Sir Gilbert Parker holds the unique position of having written the best short stories as well as the strongest romances of all our Canadian novelists.

The fascinating field of French-Canadian life and character, which Dr. Louis Fréchette has dealt with from the point of view of an insider in his "Christmas in French Canada,"<sup>76</sup> has also been widely touched upon by English-Canadian writers. Among these may be mentioned E. W. Thomson's

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<sup>72</sup>Since the above was written Mr. Campbell has written an excellent piece of fiction for one of the leading London periodicals, and is now engaged upon a second novel, which in a measure tends to weaken the argument against poets as novelists.

<sup>73</sup>Toronto, 1892.

<sup>74</sup>Toronto, 1895.

<sup>75</sup>Toronto, 1900.

<sup>76</sup>Morang, Toronto, 1900.

"Old Man Savarin;"<sup>77</sup> Henry Cecil Walsh's "Bonhomme;"<sup>78</sup> "In the Village of Viger" (1896), by Duncan Campbell Scott; "In Old France and New" (1900), by William McLennan; and G. M. Fairchild's "A Ridiculous Courting" (Chicago, 1900).

Other books of Canadian short stories are: "The Gerrard Street Mystery" (1888), by the late J. C. Dent, the historian; "Stories of New France," by Miss Agnes Maule Machar and T. G. Marquis; Mrs. Harrison's "Crowded Out" (1886); Robert Barr's "In a Steamer Chair" (1892), "The Strong Arm" (1899), etc.; "The Eye of a God" (1899), by W. A. Fraser; Roberts's "By the Marshes of Minas" (1900), etc.; "The Loom of Destiny" (1900), by Arthur J. Stringer; J. Try-Davies's "A Semi-Detached House" (1900); F. Clifford Smith's "A Lover in Homespun" (1896); Norman Duncan's "Soul of the Street" (1901), etc.

I am more than conscious that in the foregoing attempt to review Canadian fiction I have taxed the reader's patience to the utmost, and have done but very scanty justice to the wide field which it has been attempted to cover. In spite of every effort to condense what I hope has been shown to be a large and important branch of Canadian national literature, this paper has grown to far greater proportions than was either desirable or expedient. When I state, however, that I have counted over two hundred and fifty authors in English-Canadian fiction alone, without counting the contribution of French-Canadian novelists, and leaving out of consideration as well the mass of fiction by Canadian writers which has appeared in various magazines but not in book form, it will be agreed, I think, that the space here given to the subject of Canadian Novels and Novelists is not, after all, so very much out of the way.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

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<sup>77</sup>Briggs, Toronto, 1895.

<sup>78</sup>Briggs, Toronto, 1899.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN HISTORY.

OUR historians are going about destroying our heroes. They have sadly mutilated some of mine. Have yours escaped unscathed? Aroused from our quiet mood of happy contemplation by the rude shock they have given us, let us investigate. Many of the men engaged in this unfeeling attack are counted among the most eminent and worthy of our historians. Is the opinion correct? Are our historical students interpreting ever more accurately and truly the story of the past? If so, is hero worship inconsistent with the truth of history, something which true historians may not tolerate in themselves or in other people? Or is it possibly our fault, in that we have not truly understood what heroes are and how they are to be used? If we have been in error, have we been altogether in error? May it not be that there is a field for the ideal in history alongside of the most exacting demands of those who are winnowing out the errors and testing the truth of history?

What is history? May I presume to say that it is the story of the past as known and comprehended by the human understanding? Sometimes we say, absolutely, without qualification, that it is the record of the past. But if that is so, then what we have is not history; for our record of the past is incomplete as to facts and inaccurately interpreted and subject to constant correction as to both facts and interpretation. Jefferson's draft of the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, containing the word "nullification," was found in 1831, six years after the author's death, and about one year after Madison, relying on an old man's memory, had denied that it contained the fateful doctrine. Barely two generations ago Ranke, the great German historian, began to write universal history in a way that illumined the past with a new meaning and reflected a searching light upon the problems of the present day. It is not long since that Morgan, the great American

anthropologist, unraveled the clan organization of the American Indians and gave us the cue by which to understand the institutions of the peoples of that stage of civilization the world over. Only a few years ago Aristotle's Athenian Constitution was rediscovered; and, later still, Polk's Diary, throwing a sinister light upon the declaration of war against Mexico, was made public. A few years ago the religious world was shocked at the results proclaimed by the higher critics, who had just turned their methods of criticism upon the original text of the Scriptures. They gave a new and wholesome light upon some portions of biblical history. Their conclusions upon certain points have thus far stood the test and have won general acceptance. But they were overambitious; they tried to prove too much, with the result that they have brought their methods into discredit and under some suspicion. Certain of the statements of the Bible record which they challenged have in these later years been confirmed by the Assyriologists, who have discovered and deciphered trustworthy contemporaneous records in the Mesopotamian Valley. What we call history, then, is only what mankind, for the time, knows and believes about the past experiences of the race. In the proportion that it approximates the truth and reality of things it is profitable, like the Scriptures, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, and in proportion that it sets forth wholesome ideals it stirs men to emulation and inspires them with a devotion to noble principles.

You know the answer which physicists give us when we ask them: What is light? They say that if there were no eyes there would be no light. They tell us that the ether has an undulatory motion, that one set of ether waves has the power of producing upon the retina and the optic nerve the sensation which we call light. But close your eyelids, protect your eyes from these waves, and you will not have the sensation. Still the light waves will have existed just the same; and wherever there is a natural eye exposed to them, be it of man or beast, bird or insect, there will be light. So



the past is full of events, and every moment it is becoming more crowded with them. Some of them have little or no historic value or force; others have much. Is the organ through which we receive our historical impressions in range of and exposed to their influence? Plainly the first rule of historical study must be to bring the facts within the range of our vision. What were the motives which, for instance, led Constantine to make Rome a Christian State? How many of the most essential facts can we get together? How nearly do they amount to a complete demonstration? What allowance must we make for influences which may have been present but are now beyond our power to recall?

In this point of gathering the facts, certainly, modern historians are showing a zeal that is born of wisdom. When England and Venezuela were bitterly disputing over their territorial claims in South America, how the dingy Dutch archives were opened to the commissioners whom President Cleveland appointed to investigate, in the hope thereby to avert an impending war! The success of that Commission was no less conspicuous in the field of history than in that of diplomacy. Historians are searching high and low for the letters and diaries of the men who were themselves a part of the things which they wrote, trying to rescue the records from the destruction by fire and dampness and vermin and sheer neglect to which they are imminently exposed in private hands. It is an utter misconception of the true relation of things which leads many people to keep such documents stored away in dark corners of private houses. Sentiment and historical value are the only two motives which can keep them from the dust pile at all. Now, they are of no historical value unless they are known and accessible and used by historical students; and would not one be doing greater honor to his ancestor, and to himself as well, to put them in a public repository where public recognition could be given to both? The Calhoun letters which the American Historical Association recently published were gathered by Prof. Jameson from the very borders of the continent; and another authentic diary of a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition has

been located on the Pacific Coast, where it is now held for ransom.

So the work of collecting material is going on apace, and this follows as a corollary: We must not be too sure that our current historical ideas are absolutely true and that the last word has been said on the matter. We must be prepared to change, if necessary, and accept a new view if it comes to us sufficiently demonstrated to satisfy good critics and competent judges. Not to do so would mark us as narrow and prejudiced, unscientific, untrue to the standards of our profession, willfully blind, misleading those who are looking to us to be shown the truth.

Again, what the past shall mean to us depends largely upon our point of view, our conception of the world, our *Weltanschauung*, as the Germans say. It makes a difference through what sort of a medium the light comes to us. Some media obscure, and others refract the rays. You know the impudent tricks of the concave and the convex lenses. The wonderful little prism will analyze a ray of light into the seven colors of the rainbow. But suppose that you were so located that only the red color, or only the blue, reached you when, without the prism, you would get the effect of all at once—*i. e.*, white light.

To the clergy of the Dark Ages classic Latin literature was pagan and harmful, and they discarded it. But they had nothing to put in place of it. Indeed, they did little to ameliorate the common, everyday life of the people. They put all emphasis upon such a conformity to the rules of the Church as they taught people to believe would insure entrance into the happiness prepared in the world beyond for those who died in its fold. When this theological way of looking at things broke down before the influx of Greek learning and culture, Europe experienced an intellectual upheaval, a conversion, and a new birth. Men became more kind and human. They began anew to look upon this world as a place to live in and enjoy, not as a place of lifelong penance and a place to die out of, the sooner the better. The rediscovered literature of the Greeks and the Romans they

called the "humanities," because its effects were so humanizing; and to this day the "humanities" have maintained their place in the college curriculum as the typical culture study.

In the eighteenth century, in the universities of France and Germany, the natural sciences were studied with a new success. University students turned to them with the zest of novelty and learned to look upon nature with new eyes. They were astonished at the revelation of her forces and her laws. The effect was to promote, even to exaggerate, materialism. Voltaire, Diderot, and other encyclopedists were influenced by it. They used it to undermine the sway of authority in religion and caste in politics, substituting natural law and human reason instead. The utilitarian philosophy of Locke, and the selfish individualism of which Adam Smith was such a conspicuous exponent affected current theories upon political and social questions for several generations in England and America.

Since Darwin's time we have come to look upon society as something organic and evolutionary. Sociology, the study of society by groups and not by individuals, is in vogue now and doing much to confirm its right to the prominence it has achieved; and just as the biologist studies the differentiation of functions and the development of organs in plant and animal life, so the modern historian feels obliged to take his stand at the sociological point of view and restudy the old problems and revise the conclusions of the old individualistic philosophy in the light of new conceptions, new knowledge, and new methods.

Another maxim of historical interpretation, the value of which the modern historian appreciates, is the necessity of making a correction for the point of view and the personal equation of our sources and our authorities. Herodotus discredited the ancient story of the circumnavigation of Africa on the very ground that now serves to convince us of its authenticity. Mitford's "History of Greece," says a trustworthy critic, "is merely a huge party pamphlet." "He could praise tyrants and abuse liberty in a manner that was sure to interest his readers." "He hated the popular party

of Athens as he hated the Whigs of England." (C. K. Adams, "Manual of Historical Literature," third edition, p. 98.) On the other hand, Grote was "a decided liberal in politics." He exerted "a manifest effort to counteract the influence of such historians as Mitford." "One of the obvious motives of Grote," says the same authority (p. 97), "was to display the inspiring influence of political freedom on the actions of human intelligence." The one used Grecian history to show the weaknesses and defects of democracy; the other used facts from the same storehouse, to a great degree even the same facts, to show how liberty inspires men and ennobles them. In fact, both lessons are there, and the broad-minded, judicious, and trained historian will bring them both out. Liberty is inspiring. Democracy is the best form of government. But it is also the most difficult to keep in order; and a Grecian tyranny may promote many fine arts, even though at the price of individual liberty. Each of these historians told a truth, but he told the half of a truth for the whole. Moreover, each had a conscious motive in writing, a thesis to maintain. Such partial views need to be corrected; and it would be tedious to enumerate the men who have presumed to rewrite classical history, European history, English history, and even American history, each later one professing to have, and no doubt having, a clearer, truer view of the realities of things than his predecessors.

No one of us, I feel sure, is, at the bottom of his heart, likely to doubt seriously that the historians of to-day are as a class better equipped and better trained than their predecessors have been, less guilty of narrow views and biased judgments. There is a rather strong presumption that modern historical writers have something to say which it is worth our while to heed. The modern historian is trained to proceed after the manner of the natural scientist. Mr. J. F. Rhodes, ex-President of the American Historical Association, who is devoting himself to the task of writing the "History of the United States since the Compromise of 1850," devotes an average of three years, I am told, to the preparation of each volume.

The material must be gathered voluminously and exhaustively; it must be studied, analyzed, classified, and weighed. The first draft must give place to a revision and a re-revision. Statements must be verified, and the whole must be submitted to competent critics before the final revision is made. No fault would be considered more damning than to have neglected, willfully or carelessly, some item of evidence, with the result that an opinion contrary to fact was maintained. He must be sure that he holds a neutral position, letting the facts speak for themselves, not speaking for them. Not only is there needed impartiality as between opposing opinions, but breadth of historical conception and interpretative power to exploit the material to the utmost.

Thus the modern historical science is consciously striving to become truer to the realities of the past than ever before. Its demonstrations are generally so clear that we must accept them even when they are unwelcome, when they unmask our heroes, even when, to adapt the architectural metaphor of Charles Dudley Warner, they make it publicly manifest that our Queen Anne fronts have Mary Ann rears; for that is one of the disturbing things they are doing. They have given us recently a life of the "true" George Washington in contrast with, and even in protest against, the current ideas of his perfections. There is also a life of the real Thomas Jefferson, and a "true" history of the American Revolution. Indeed, one publisher has overdone the business. Trying to exploit a motive which has a certain merit in it, he has given us a whole series of "true" histories, causing us to suspect that the books are rather seasoned to sell to a curious and possibly morbid public than written to vindicate the honor of science and the truth of history.

We have been told that Lincoln was but a chip on the political wave; that Jackson was more obstinate than wise; that the war of 1812 was a dismal diplomatic and military failure; that Thomas Jefferson was a plagiarist, and, besides, wrote sentiments about equality which are not true and have been the cause of much of our political woe; and even that our Revolutionary forefathers were presumptuous radicals and



fractious rebels against English rule. We may not be entirely ready to accept these iconoclastic deliverances as the final word on the matter. But, harsh as they sound, they have been said so clearly as to convict us of having hitherto held narrow views, of having looked at great movements from only one side. Still, must we give up all of our heroes? Is there nothing at all left to idealize? Is there not a function for the ideal in history alongside of the most thoroughly, exactly, and scientifically tested realities of the past?

I think that those of us who are also teachers are clear on one point of our experience—viz., the usefulness of heroes in teaching great truths. Objectify a great principle in the person of a public character, let him suffer patiently, endure bravely, serve faithfully unto the end, and his life will enforce the lesson as precept and exhortation cannot do.

People of all times have had their heroes. Of some peoples only the tradition of their heroes remains; most of their real history has been lost. Their heroes are noble and inspiring, though of the uplifting influence of their real history we may well have some doubt. Their heroes were the best thing they had to leave. Indeed, one of the realities of the past, which every historian has to take into account, is the fact that heroes and ideals have exerted an uplifting and molding influence, have actually been historical forces. Of such an institution, then, as hero worship, with such an experience and such a record, we may well venture to infer that its survival until now confirms its right still to survive.

But there is one thing we must not expect of our heroes. They were human, not divine or superhuman, and we must expect to find them in reality like other men, human and imperfect. If I should hold up before you two objects, the one a turned and polished ivory ball, a perfect sphere, and the other a rough cobblestone of the same general dimensions, but with irregular surfaces, protruding here, flattened there, I could call the one the symbol of the perfect human character, which exists nowhere, the other the type of the real human character, an actual man. In some respect, in some one phase of his character perhaps, he might be a fully

rounded man, fulfilling admirably his task in life. But on some other side he would be found to be undeveloped and weak; and were he unfortunately tested on that side, he would very likely make a tragic failure. Indeed, sometimes I feel that the only difference between the man who failed and the one who succeeded may lie in the circumstance that the one was tested on his weak side and the other on his strongest.

On the other hand, there are several things which we do expect of our heroes. We do expect the display of some noble virtues, of conspicuous nobility of character in some one direction at least. We expect of them, further, the accomplishment of some achievement beyond the ability of ordinary men; and generally it must be some achievement redounding to the benefit of society—the display, *i. e.*, of some public virtue, rather than of some individual or private virtue—though this is not always so. These three qualifications all of our heroes, I think, will be found to possess: George Washington, the Great King Alfred, Cincinnatus, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Luther, Casabianca, William Tell, King Arthur of the Table Round.

It makes little difference, so far as our immediate purpose is concerned, whether these are real historical characters or the creation of tradition and myth. Indeed, no one of our heroes, as we think of them, is a real man. They have all been more or less idealized. We abstract from the historic personalities of our conspicuous men those qualities in which they displayed particular excellence; and out of the impression made upon our mind by these virtues, and according thereto, we create our heroic conception, even imputing equal excellence in all other points of character, if we are not careful to restrain ourselves from so doing. This idealized man, this personified virtue, is our hero, our pride, and our inspiration. The temper and profanity of Washington, the sinister ambition of Napoleon, do not prevent us from making heroes of them, since the public virtues which they possessed were so conspicuous.

To the first of these processes, that of abstracting the con-

spicuous virtues from the inconspicuous ones and from the positive weaknesses, I can see no objection; and I think that it is evident, upon simple reflection, that it is a common habit with us. The abstraction of the qualities or attributes in which we are for the time particularly interested is a process with which we are quite familiar in philosophy, in science, in art, and in literature. The familiar phrase of scientific argument, "other things being equal," "other things remaining the same," is a case in point. We believe, and we act upon the conviction, that other characteristics for the time and for the purpose in hand may be disregarded, or may be treated as neutral, as doubtless they may if they are not too obtrusively inconsistent and too fundamentally involved; and so we subordinate them to the abstracted ones, to which we look for our final conception.

But when we go farther and impute equal excellence in other particulars, imputing a perfection which is contrary to the fact; when we conceive our hero, or permit others to conceive him, as a man as perfect in every point as he is in the special points—we do something very human, perhaps; but nevertheless we commit a serious, illogical error, and one which is often of great pedagogical embarrassment. It is very easy to create the impression; it is perhaps very difficult to prevent the mistaken impression being formed, that excellence in several particulars implies excellence in all, that praise for one quality involves full and complete commendation. The teacher may thus easily mislead the pupil who, upon further enlightenment regarding the personal character of the hero, is shocked and confronted with a serious moral dilemma: either to surrender his heroes altogether or to think lightly of serious faults, neither of which conclusions is intended or necessary, or should be allowed to stand.

In truth, it is not the men whom we honor, but the virtues which they exemplify; it is the men as personifications of these virtues, and in conscious disregard of any other personal quality whatever. Washington was not the saint he was once represented to be; neither was he superhumanly descended

from the Anglo-Saxon gods, as my old history used to suggest somewhat dubiously. But the military sagacity and imperturbable deliberation with which through seven long years he used a weak army so as to wear out a stronger foe; his faith in the worthiness of his country's cause; his courage and perseverance through difficulties; his profound sense of responsibility; his sound judgment, discreet common sense, and wonderfully wise counsel; and his broad statesmanship—these are virtues as grand as the cause in which they were displayed. There are some things about the war of the Revolution of which we cannot be proud: the jealousies in the army, and the selfishness and lack of a spirit of mutual support among the States. But in the virtue of Washington's character we find a type of the exalted spirit and noble purpose in which such a cause should be conceived.

The oppression of England was serious only in prospect, scarcely at all in fact; the Tories were not such a despicable set of people after all. Many of them were the kind of conservative men, experienced in public affairs, whose advice on any other subject we would treat with consideration and accept with confidence; they were the very class of men upon whom we rely as a bulwark against radicalism. Some of this class were on the side of the colonists, too; but it was the mob of stamp destroyers who, in 1763, were dubbed "Sons of Liberty;" and it was the rebellious colonists who won the right to be called patriots, because out of their travail a new nation was born into life, and the result of their struggles was a beneficent democracy to bless the world. Freedom, independence, nationality—what a halo these words have thrown about even the commonest of the men who took part in that movement for popular self-government! And we cannot call them heroes without ourselves being stirred and stimulated to nobler things in behalf of the same principles.

Napoleon tricked President Madison; he pretended to give him bread, but gave him a stone instead. Seeing that Madison would take him at his word in matters of diplomacy, he deliberately ignored his word, and thus precipitated us into war with England by his own wanton and insulting breach

of honor. When once the war was begun, it was carried on with ill success, and was the occasion of quarrels and dissensions among the parties and the States, leading up to the very threshold of nullification and secession. And when finally peace was made, not a single guarantee did England give that sailors' rights and neutral trade would not be violated on occasion in the future as they had been in the past. But consider these things: In 1793, when war broke out between England and France, Washington proclaimed the neutrality of the United States as between the two belligerents. This was a novel doctrine in international law, that a nation could be neutral and that its neutrality must be respected. More than a century of experience has convinced the world of the wisdom of the principle and has brought honor upon the nation which first proclaimed it. But at the time neither England nor France showed much respect for the United States or consideration for her wishes. They despised her and bullied her, and they used her, each as a cat's-paw against the other. If France was the meaner, England was the greater bully; and the young nation resented it and has always felt more self-respect for having done so. When peace had been made—if not because of the war, at least after it was over—the United States began to enjoy a consideration abroad, among the nations of Europe, which it had not enjoyed before, but which has increased from that day to this. New industries had taken foothold during the war, and grew apace. Commerce increased. The hopeless of other lands began to come to us to kindle the lamp of hope anew. Clay's American system, though it may not have been built on the soundest principles of economic science, not inaptly exemplified the nation's growing consciousness of latent strength and self-dependence. Moreover, the war had not been altogether without inspiring incidents. England was considered the mistress of the seas, but American vessels were better built and better rigged. They were better handled and sailed faster. The Americans were the better sailors and better gunners. Nor were we altogether without honor on the land. What wonder that Hull's dis-



honor at Detroit and the fiasco before Washington were dropped out of mind, and that the Hartford Convention was remembered only to blast, like an early frost, the political ambitions of those who took part in it! What wonder that in the years and decades following the war men remembered only the "Constitution" and the "President," Rodgers and Decatur, Lawrence and Perry, and the consummate skill of Jackson and his men, who, after defeating a savage foe in the forests of Alabama, showed their superiority over the trained soldiers of England in the series of battles from the 23d of December to the 8th of January. In these men and in these deeds people saw the types of the greatness which they felt was in them and to which as individuals, as citizens, and as a nation they might aspire.

It would be pleasant to continue and to consider other national heroes who have achieved greatness in peace and in war, in statecraft, and in the calmer fields of industry. But the space is not at my disposal; and, besides, if what has been said has not sufficed to set forth the thought which I have deemed of sufficient interest to offer, I fear that further discussion would be fruitless on my part. Is it or is it not a stimulating thought to look upon history as what we know and believe about the past, as something, therefore, which we may come to know as time goes on with a fuller knowledge and a deeper understanding? Is there or is there not something helpful in the thought that, however stern and uncompromising, however much of the earth earthy the realities of history may be, there have been times and occasions when nations and when individuals in the public service attained to heights of grand achievement and noble purpose which have become for us the ideals to which we may worthily aspire as their successors and emulators?

FREDERICK W. MOORE.

## THE SERVICES OF NATURALISM TO LIFE AND LITERATURE.

### I. THE GENESIS AND THEORY OF NATURALISM.

THE era of naturalism which dominated civilized thought during the latter part of the nineteenth century has not been the only one in the history of civilization. In fact, with the exception of Hindoo civilization, naturalism seems to have been the forerunner and, after its assimilation, an important element in every great outburst of vital energy in art, literature, philosophy, and social and political reconstruction. It flowed, a broad fertilizing stream, through the literature of the Old Testament, through the Saga literature of the Norse peoples, before it was vitiated by the fantastic sentimentalities of the later Skalds, and through the art and literature of Greece at its height. It revived the spirit of Humanism in Italy, and nourished the Renaissance in Italy and the thought of Shakespeare's age. It rose, at the end of the eighteenth century, as a new sap into the tree of mankind which had been drained by an age of rationalism, bursting into the flowerage of Goethe and the literature and art of the nineteenth century in England, France, and Germany, and the countries influenced by these. It imparted a great, fearless truthfulness to the art and literature of Egypt; and it brutalized by its predominance the art of ancient Assyria.

An attempt to weigh the permanent benefits of the latest form of naturalism implies the conviction that it has terminated its course as an independent movement through being assimilated by the stream of life which runs deeper, wider, richer, and more complex from age to age. The art and literature of our present age are dominated either by a calm, impartial realism or the passionate, rebellious idealism of the symbolists. Emile Zola, the chief protagonist of naturalism, died recently, having survived by nearly a decade the movement whose chief principles he had formulated.

Naturalism held full sway as a general literary movement from about 1860 until the middle of the last decade of the past century. Beginning much earlier with Balzac and the Brothers Goncourt, in France, it reached its highest development with Zola, Tolstoi, and Ibsen—Zola being the pioneer in discovering the theory of it—and their successors, Hardy, Hauptmann, Pinero, and d'Annunzio. Naturalism in literature and art is the equivalent of materialism in philosophy. According to the teaching of materialism, there is only one force in the world, which is matter. All the processes within our mind are merely phenomena of matter. Psychology is identical with physiology of the brain. Thought is no more a spiritual function than digestion of food. Modern naturalism was historically an outcome of the science of evolution, which first appeared as biological science. It was divined by Goethe, founded as a science by Bichat at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and named by De Blainville, a contemporary of Comte. Its chief aim was to study the biological relations between living organisms and their *milieu*. It conceived man as a necessary product of purely material forces, denying to him the possibility of free will, of choice in his actions, rejecting his moral responsibility, and therefore the possibility of guilt. The term *milieu*, which had originally a purely biological significance, received a great broadening at the hands of Herbert Spencer, who introduced it into English literature as "environment." This term signifies to Spencer the totality of the social forces which help determine the personality of the individual members of society. Thus the biological elements of the term were forced into a union with the other, spiritual, forces of society. They were absorbed in a higher conception of life, and forthwith began the absorption of naturalism as an independent social movement, by sociology.

In the literature of naturalism we can trace a development perfectly in accord with that of materialistic science. The first, and crudest phase of it, purely biological, appeared in the works of the Brothers Goncourt, Balzac's "Country Doctor," and others, and in Tolstoi's drama "Power of Darkness," and

Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise." The story of the latter drama, is typical of the group: A community of farmers in Silesia has suddenly become immensely rich through the discovery of large coal deposits in its farms, and is plunged into the wildest excesses of gross indulgence. Sexual vice and alcoholism bestialize the parents, and destroy the coming generation by their indelible taint. Three persons come into close contact with this mire of brutality. One, a weak man, a civil engineer, bent on material success, marries the daughter of one of the richest farmers, and gradually sinks to the level of his surroundings. The others (a pure girl, a relative of the former's wife, well educated but poor, who comes to manage the household affairs neglected by the drunken wife, and an idealist named Loth, who visits the village in order to study its sociological conditions) fall in love with one another and become engaged. Loth learns by accident that his betrothed is related to the drunken family, and, fearing lest she transmit the hereditary taint to his children, leaves her. The girl, beset by the immoral passion of the master of the house, and helpless in the world, kills herself.

Ibsen's "Ghosts" also partly belongs here. Mrs. Alving has married a man of high social rank, though she loves another. Her husband dies young after a life of debauchery, tainted in mind and body. His son, after a long, terrible struggle in which he tries in vain to free himself from the inherited taint, succumbs both physically and spiritually, leaving his mother alone to a full realization of the inevitable consequences of the violations of nature, committed by her husband in licentious living, but by her as well in giving herself to the unloved man. Ibsen's play is too complex to fit any one category; its tragic idea is embodied in both Mrs. Alving and her son, the former personifying the spiritual results of violation of the laws of nature, the latter the physiological ones; but it rests entirely upon the biological theory of physiological degeneration.

It soon became apparent that the whole creative apparatus of this crudest form of naturalism was too scant. It consisted of a few actually or supposedly—it is not necessary here to



enter into the biological controversies regarding this matter—inheritable diseases, sexual vice, alcoholism, and insanity in its various forms—an attractive array, indeed. Psychology was degraded to the office of furnishing criteria for diagnosing the general biological condition of the *dramatis personæ*—that is, it became ancillary to pathology. Psychic processes in the crudest form of naturalism are merely symptoms of physiological degeneration.

Zola, the protagonist of naturalism, was to refine its psychology. His chief interest, and that of the great writers in this group, was not centered chiefly on the effect of physiological degeneracy on the mind, but upon a close study of the relations between environment and character. These relations can be twofold. Character may be portrayed as gradually crumbling, piece by piece, under the insistent, rarely violent, usually slow, never heroic, but ceaseless, irresistible impact of material circumstances. To this group belong most of Zola's works, d'Annunzio's novels, Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina," and partly Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Or character is, as in Max Halbe's "Mother Earth," in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native," and Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the fixed, inevitable result of our past life; and no effort of the will, no struggle, however determined, can change it. All these plays and novels enforce the terrific doctrine: You cannot escape from the consequences of your past. Every moment of your life, every thought and action, impresses its indelible mark upon your character; you are the victim of the powers that you have invoked in the past.

Gradually, however, as the biological view in philosophy yielded more and more to the sociological, there appeared the naturalistic novel or drama of sociological environment; at first still one-sidedly materialistic, but gradually bridging the gulf separating naturalism from a wider, undogmatic view of life. The chief works in this group are Ibsen's "Doll's House"—though this drama, like all of Ibsen's works, is too great, too subtly complicated with spiritual elements, to submit to one classification—Hauptmann's "Familienfest," Pine-



ro's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," partly also Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," though that belongs in part to the preceding group. In these works the *milieu* is more specifically the social environment, and its effects are represented not in their relation to the individual as such, but in their relation to him as a member of society. The chief interest lies in the position which the individual is forced to take among his fellow-men as a result of his past. Tess and Mrs. Ebbsmith suffer a tragic fate, not as a retribution for wrongdoing but as a purely mechanical result of violating the conventions of society. They are ground up between the blind, inevitable social forces as between two millstones. Hauptmann's "Familienfest" is upon the border line between this and the preceding group. Dr. Scholz, a man of weak character but uncontrollable temper, is struck by his second son, who is enraged because his father has slandered his mother. The father and his two sons leave their home as a result of this catastrophe. After leading an unsettled life for years, the sons return, finding their mother a weak, selfish, fretful woman aged before her time, and their only sister, who has remained at home, hardened and blunted through the influence of her surroundings. The younger and better of the two sons has tried to subdue his inherited violent temper. He brings with him his betrothed and her mother, who are in every respect the opposites of his family, the products of frank, gentle, self-controlled, and loving family life. On the day when the betrothal is to be celebrated in his mother's home, his father reappears, broken, almost insane through alcoholism and a life of vagabondage. He brings the whole atmosphere of the past with him. A terrible conflict arises, in which all the passions engendered by inheritance and disordered family relations burst out. A general catastrophe is barely averted by the son's betrothed and her mother through firmness and calm faith in the prepotency of goodness and gentleness.

## II. THE TECHNIQUE OF NATURALISM.

Unlike its more spiritual sister movements in art and liter-

ature, naturalism not only accepted a whole philosophy of life from science, but it found the groundwork of its technique laid out for it by science.

Thirteen years before Zola began to publish his famous "Essays on Naturalism," in which he formulated the naturalistic creed, defining naturalistic art as a corner of nature seen through a temperament, Taine supplied the naturalists with a perfect tool for literary assimilation of the materialistic philosophy by introducing into French literature an excellent summary and criticism of John Stuart Mill's "Logic," under the title: *Le Positivisme Anglais: J. St. Mill* (1864). Mill formulated the philosophical principles of logic which premises which they called heredity and environment—their investigations. He substituted the method of collecting attributes and of detailed description for that of abstract definition as a means of forming ideas. The essence of his "Logic" is this: If you want to form and express a clear and complete idea of any object, say a horse, an abstract definition is useless, because it contains only what you yourself already have in your mind. Go forth, observe horses, as many as possible, note their appearance, their traits, their biological relations, all their various characteristics, and combine those into the idea of a horse.

In this method the naturalists had their technique ready to hand. Since their scheme of life was a purely mechanical contrivance, enabling them, as it were, to construct any individual out of its material—*i. e.*, biological and sociological, premises which they called heredity and environment—their chief concern was to collect all data available for their purposes, give them a literary form and construct their human beings from them. This is what Zola actually did in almost all his novels.

In lyric poetry naturalism has never taken a leading part, probably because its chief significance lies in its treatment of character, whereas the great majority of lyrical emotions are not directly dependent on character. Walt Whitman, however fearless he is in his impartial acceptance of the facts of life, is far too great and sane and idealistic not to subordi-

nate all these facts to a general spiritual principle. The only lyric poets who might be called naturalists are those who limit themselves to pure impressionism—*i. e.*, the exclusive devotion to surface perception most consistently cultivated by the French impressionistic painters, especially Monet. The chief poets are in France Verlaine, and in Germany Arno Holz, the author of "Phantastus."

The following are two characteristic poems from "Phantastus:"

Outside, the dune.  
Lonely the house;  
Monotonously,  
At the window,  
The rain.

Behind me,  
Tick, tack,  
A clock;  
My forehead  
At the windowpane.

Nothing.  
All gone.  
Gray the sky,  
Gray the sea,  
And gray  
The heart.

No sound!  
Only the poplars are whispering. . .  
The old pond before me black as ink,  
Around me, above me, on all sides,  
On bats' wings  
The night;  
And only over there  
Between the two willow stumps  
That reach into the dark like dragons,  
Faint, livid, expiring,  
A last sulphurous streak.

Upon it, sharp, a silhouette: a faun blowing a flute.  
I see clearly his fingers.  
They are all gracefully extended,  
And the two smallest ones even curving up coquettishly.

The graceful tubelet athwart in their midst,  
Suspended almost horizontally over the left shoulder.  
The right one, too, I see.

Only not the head. That is gone. That is tumbled down.  
That has been lying for a hundred years  
Down in the pool.

Plitch! — ? a frog.  
I was startled, frightened.  
The streak over there is vanishing,  
I feel how the water is making circles,  
And the ancient stone wall on which I am sitting  
Sends its cold shuddering up my neck.

. . . . . ?

No. Nothing. Only the poplars.

Besides such nature subjects, the passion of the flesh furnishes Holz with his chief material. The technique of this poetry is uncompromising impressionism. The impressionistic poet or artist tries to present nothing except the actual picture as it strikes his senses, excluding all self-consciousness, all the associations, the intellectual love of order, the instinctive desire for conclusions which immediately begin to modify any sense perception. If the impression suggests an obvious, simple emotion, as in the first poem quoted, the naturalistic poet is content with it; if, as in the second poem, the suggestions are manifold, confused, contradictory, intangible, he accepts them all because they are real. He would regard as an artistic impertinence any attempt to calculate, as it were, the emotional balance of all these suggestions.

As to form, he tries to free it from all artificialities, as rhyme, any regular recurrence of rhythm, any reflective words. The least artificial, clearly communicable utterance wrested from us by impressions of scenes of nature or human life stirring us deeply, consist not of organized sentences, but of articulate ejaculations, such as children use when they are interested. This became, therefore, the favorite form of naturalistic utterance. In trying to cast out reflections and meditations not germane to the subject, and insisting on opening its soul, freed from every constriction of preoccupation, to the whole rout of suggestions coming at the heels of every impression, naturalism has done lyric poetry a service. It has contributed a body of intensely interesting creative work to the intellectual stores of mankind; and besides,

through its theorizing, has forced poetry into more frank, direct, and intense relations with the world of sense. Its only fault lies in its one-sidedness. Its theory rests upon the assumption that in registering an impression the senses perform a purely passive, receptive office, detached from the higher mental and spiritual activities; that the senses receive, in a manner comparable to that of the photographic plate, a charge of impressions to be stored away in the dark room of memory for the mind to develop when it gets ready. While it is true that the mind does this delayed developing, it is no less certain that it is never entirely detached from the activities of the senses. Modern psychology has recognized the fact that all our mental and spiritual forces actively coöperate with the senses in forming impressions. We see only what our minds assist us in seeing. The theory, therefore, of impressionism that the actual picture contains no intellectual and spiritual elements, and that these elements are foreign to the genuine art purpose, is erroneous, and has led the impressionists into rejecting everything except brief pictorial sketches, vivid, graphic, glowing with life and thrilling with the intoxication of sense, to be sure, but also accidental, fugitive, incoherent. Impressionism is far more, however, than a mere inventory of all the elements of an impression. It does not commit the vulgarity of copying every button on a man's coat or every blade of grass in a landscape. It disregards detail, transferring its attention to the totality of the impression. It is literalism, to be sure; but literalism glorified.

A purely impressionistic poem by Verlaine or Arno Holz, or a picture by Monet, pushing boldly on to the extreme confines of pure sense-perception, invariably leads us into the gardens of idealism. No art, no poetry, can escape from idealism; all it can do is to choose its own separate road leading to it. Every great poet and every great artist is in a certain sense an impressionist, and Walt Whitman towers so mighty above his naturalistic followers because he transcended mere impressionism.

Most interesting and vital, however, is naturalism in the drama, especially in the work of Ibsen and Hauptmann, in



which most of its problems have been definitely solved. Its technique is marked by the utmost, minutest literalness in the portrayal of the material side of life. Away with the monologue, the metrical form, all dramatic or artistic conventionalities! Zola, in his "Essays on Naturalism," demands a faithful copy of life, manners, and characteristic speech, insisting on a greater stage realism, on the use of dialect when characteristic, and denying to the writer the privilege of rejecting things ugly, even offensive, provided they are required by the situation. He was the uncompromising apostle of local color. He and, following him, Ibsen<sup>1</sup> and Tolstoi are the great triad of naturalism, from which all other naturalists derive their technique. Next to Ibsen, however, the Germans have made the most vital contribution to naturalism, chief among them Gerhart Hauptmann, whose first drama, "Before Sunrise," published in 1889, began a new era in the history of the drama in Germany. In justice to a man little known even in Germany, it must be said that Arno Holz, the German follower of Whitman, preceded Hauptmann with the first naturalistic dramatic sketches, very vivid, very clever and genuine, yet, apparently through a lack of constructive power, never rounded off to completeness. To Holz also probably belongs the pathetic distinction of having acquainted Hauptmann, his rival who was to overshadow him completely, with the new theory that came from France.

A great number of naturalists sprang up in Germany immediately after Hauptmann. Probably the most important one of them is Max Halbe, the author of "Mother Earth" and "Youth," who, while inferior to Hauptmann in character-drawing, surpasses him considerably in an exquisite lyrical charm and glow. Hauptmann's verse, especially his blank verse, is lacking in liteness and elasticity. Sudermann, while he adopted some parts of the naturalistic technique, was never identified with the movement. He is more independent, though scarcely more original; in point of sincerity

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<sup>1</sup>It is well known that Ibsen derived part of his technique, especially that of the dialogue, from Scribe, the younger Dumas, and Augier. This study, however, is concerned only with the part naturalism played in his work.

he equals the latter nowhere, save possibly in his "Johannes." One always has the feeling that Sudermann never withdraws his conscious interference from the movement of his story. In Austria there is a very clever and interesting dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, who is, however, strongly diverted from pure naturalism by the influence of Maupassant. D'Annunzio's dramas, because romantic, in spite of many naturalistic elements, have to be passed over in this essay.

Naturalism has changed the technique of the first act, which is as a rule entirely given up to the presentation of the *milieu*—that is, the material forces determining the course of the drama. This course being, in the nature of things, almost invariably downward, one has, on coming to a naturalistic drama fresh from more "classical" dramatic forms, the feeling—which is soon lost, however—that the action begins after the dramatic climax. This impression seems to be particularly strong in the case of Ibsen's dramas.

There are two methods of motivation and characterization: the psychological, introspective one, and the method that I should like to call the "circumstantial" one. The former was carried to an extreme and one-sided development by Browning; the latter has been perfected by naturalism. By this method it has become possible for the dramatist and novelist to give a voice to the illiterate, the halt and heavy of speech, the humble. Hauptmann, in his "Fuhrmann Henschel," the greatest German drama of the last generation, achieves the triumph of giving a voice to this great, heavy, helpless, honest fellow, with his heart-bursting sorrow, unable to give intelligent utterance to all the black confusion bewildering him. Henschel speaks to us through everything except his voice, through his simple home, his stable, his horses, his helpless faltering, his bewildered silence. One needs only to imagine what Browning would have made of Henschel to see the great contribution of naturalism to the dramatic technique.

The heroes in the naturalistic drama are never extraordinary persons; they are the opposites of the types of heroes we find in the dramas of Corneille or Schiller, or in Carlyle's

"Heroes and Hero Worship." They are not aggressive, but suffering, acted upon, vainly trying to resist the onslaught of fate that is as subtle and unconquerable as the ceaseless dropping of water on a stone. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" is a masterful example of the type. Our feeling for the hero is that of infinite sympathy and pity. He represents to us the helplessness of humanity face to face with the encroachment of circumstances.

The mechanical conception of life, according to which our will is absolutely unfree, determined by material conditions which began to shape our destiny at the beginning of things, excludes tragic guilt from the structure of the naturalistic drama, and consequently the idea of retribution, under whatsoever form, from the naturalistic conception of the catharsis.

Naturalism contains a strong element of symbolism, which appears even in Zola; and which in Ibsen, Hauptmann, and their successors was to assert itself to the extent of overcoming naturalism. The step from a vague consciousness that the individual naturalistic hero represents all humanity prostrate under the weight of material forces to a deliberate personification of the aspirations of mankind and of the counter-acting forces in "Brand," in the "Sunken Bell," in "Emperor and Galilee," and even of the passionate struggle for spiritual freedom in Maeterlinck's dramas, followed with organic necessity.

Fate in the consistent naturalistic drama is not a directing benign providence, nor some transcendental reason, inscrutable, yet imposing upon us faith in its infinite justice; but a dumb, blank mechanical power, senseless and purposeless. The tragic emotion in the naturalistic drama can therefore contain no feeling of resentment, nor of submission to the decrees of an overruling power, nor the overworked exaltation at the contemplation of a supposed infinite justice. For naturalism acknowledges no supreme ethical or rational power to submit to, venerate, or rebel against. But—and from this is derived the most precious contribution of naturalism to culture—in withdrawing all our tragic interest from

other-worldly objects, in centering it on nothing except our human condition, it has intensified the feeling of awe with which we regard man, and deepened our mutual sympathy. To the naturalist, man is a midge setting forth into the limitless void. He knows the ultimate futility of all his aspirations. And yet he strives fearlessly on for the sake of striving, regardless of the cost and issue of it. This infinite insignificance of man, this infinite courage, this infinite sorrow, are the objects of our tragic emotion. They form the tragic idea of the naturalistic drama.

### III. PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION OF NATURALISM TO THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.

The heyday of naturalism has passed. We no longer accept its uncompromising impressionism without reservations, just as painters are seeing other things in nature besides the mere indiscriminate surface materialism of extreme impressionism. We are no longer disposed to cast out utterly a monologue simply because in reality normal people do not think aloud, or to condemn a poet because his mastery of the dialect in one particular fishing village is not orthodox. We are becoming more sane; we are willing to accept those conventions of art which help the poet in giving form to his emotions without wasting time and strength on the vulgarities of mere verisimilitude—that wretched Aristotelian inheritance of “imitation” and “illusion” that will not down, though it is quite as intelligent as a kitchen maid’s condemnation of a landscape painting on the ground that “one couldn’t tell whether the painter meant Brussels sprouts or radishes.” We go even farther; we accept even those conventions of art which actual conditions force upon us. Is not the stage the first and chief convention of the drama? Why should we lose time and pleasure in caviling at the artificialities of the division into acts and other practical makeshifts of the stage, or in clamoring for naturalness—*i. e.*, literalism of the dialogue—when actions, occurrences, and conversations of many days have to be condensed into the three or four hours allotted the production of a drama?



We no longer see the salvation of literature in the literalism of detail; we are bored by the asseverations of naturalistic extremists who would have us think their little haphazard snap shots at life are pictures, because they pretend to reproduce exactly and exclusively the impressions as our senses receive them, without the additions and eliminations made by the supervening associations of ideas. We have repudiated, as our ancestors have done unfailingly, the dogmatism of an art that tried to be scientific, and we have thrown on the dung heap a good deal that was merely nasty. And yet, after all this ruthless sifting, there remains a priceless inheritance of permanent and fruitful knowledge.

Naturalism has passed either into symbolism, as has been shown above, or into modern realism. With the latter it has in common its impartial attitude toward the facts of life, differing from it only in the one-sided materialistic interpretation which it forces upon all its experience. As soon as a less dogmatic age reinstated the spiritual forces not subject to the materialistic rule of thumb, naturalism simply and normally turned realism.

Naturalism has left us with a greatly enlarged sense of the individual and social importance of environment. We have learned to regard with far greater gravity the fearful logic of facts. However stanchly we adhere to the belief in a free will and personal responsibility, yet we recognize more clearly than before that no personality, however strong, can rise above his environment and the consequences of his own actions in the Olympian manner of the old-fashioned heroes of sentimental romanticism. Our Achilleses cannot spin for years without showing some flaccidity of fiber. Naturalism presents one of the great saving paradoxes of history. It began by asserting the doctrine of absolute unfreedom of the will, of absolute irresponsibility, and has ended by placing a well-nigh crushing burden of responsibility upon us. It has taught us to control our will in every action, as though this were our last opportunity of choice. Ibsen's "Brand," the tragedy of absolute will, and its counterpart, "Peer Gynt," are the greatest expressions of ethics based on the theory of



environment. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" shows how, by forming our character, the environment ultimately precludes the possibility of choice and reform of oneself by an effort of the will.

By dwelling on the biological effects of environment in all its details, naturalism has drawn attention to its social importance. It is a significant fact that the literature of social revolt and reform owes its origin and greatest works to the great naturalists—Ibsen, directly in "An Enemy of the People," "Pillars of Society," and indirectly in every one of his later plays; Hauptmann, especially in "Hannele," "The Weavers," and "Sunken Bell;" Tolstoi, in his pamphlets, which, however wrong-headed they may be, yet bring home to us the need of reform with the irresistible force of truth deeper than mere detail of facts or theory. It is hardly too much to say that our whole modern movement of social reform receives a strong incentive from the social insight gained from naturalism.

Modern literature is pervaded by a passion of veracity, impatient and contemptuous of any little cloak of insincerity, and more efficacious, more virile than the spirit of any previous age. One is more truthful with his physician than with any one else, because in pathological cases the sense of personal responsibility, and therefore of shame, except in cases of vice, is latent. Similarly, if our personal or social shortcomings are regarded as due to material conditions, we can admit them more easily, without mortification and also without cynical pleasure in self-exposure. Absolute truthfulness—complete repudiation of pose and pretense, frank acceptance of our own traits and those of our fellows without making invidious estimates—is one of the chief teachings of Ibsen, which his chief successor in England, Bernard Shaw, in his plays has turned into his particular gospel.

One often reads that this age has learned the dignity of the commonplace. It is to be hoped that no age will ever learn that. The commonplace has no dignity. The lesson naturalism has taught us is that the life of the humble, and those that dwell on earth, is *not* commonplace, but is as ex-

traordinary in its pathos and dignity as the lives of kings and emperors. Our age is making the sincerest effort yet made by mankind as a whole to bear practical testimony to its faith in the brotherhood of all men. Hauptmann's play, "Fuhrmann Henschel," which has unfortunately not yet been translated into English, is one of the greatest and most human tragedies of the modern stage. It alone would justify the whole naturalistic movement.

As for the dramatic technique, the chief innovations due to naturalism are a total change of the first act in the direction of a more intense and searching exposition of the dramatic *milieu*, and a more effective development of the methods of circumstantial motivation. What a dramatist Browning would have been if, beside his psychological analysis, which is the static element in the drama, he had known how to use the motive power of circumstances, not in the superficial sense of mere diverting incident, but in the deep sense of psychological dynamics which naturalism gave them! The most important effect on the technique of the drama, however, has been the modification of the theory of the tragic idea. From the time of Aristotle until the rise of the naturalistic drama the theory of the tragic guilt has been accepted as a matter beyond doubt. The dominant, chiefly Lessing's, interpretation of Aristotle's view is that the hero must commit some fault, some violation of an ethical law, for which he suffers the penalty in the catastrophe. The spectator, conscious of his own similarity to the tragic figure and convinced that he himself would under given circumstances incur the same guilt, feels sympathy with the sufferer, and a sort of vicarious fear of his undoing.

When dramas like Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness," Ibsen's "Ghosts," Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise," and "Fuhrmann Henschel" appeared, it had to be recognized that a tragic idea without tragic guilt, a nonretributive tragic idea, was conceivable. The result was that dramas were divided into two classes, each with its own species of tragic idea, the non-retributive for the naturalists, the retributive one for every one else. It must also be recognized that on the whole there

is a perceptible tendency of slighting the naturalistic idea, and of barring it out wherever it cannot show a clear title—i. e., of putting the burden of proof upon it.

The nonretributive tragic idea has been brought to our notice through naturalism, and for that reason has come to be regarded as germane to the latter. And yet there is no essential connection between the two. The question of tragic guilt is not a question of choice between materialism and a more idealistic point of view, but merely of a recognition of things as they are. One may be an uncompromising atheist or a Scotch Presbyterian without having the right of blinking the fundamental truth that the catastrophes of this world are subject to no dominant law of retribution. And tragedy deals only with fundamental truths. Retribution in this world is merely an accident.

Tragedy and every fundamental—that is, genuine—art strive to understand and reproduce the fundamental facts of life, never to pronounce moral judgments. It is because the Aristotelean school of critics have lost themselves in the irrelevancies of retribution that there has been such an unbridgeable gulf between critics and artists generally. The critics, stubbornly confounding the general mechanical and psychical law of causation with that of moral retribution, constantly divert the attention to a matter of secondary, derived importance. The poets, determined to reproduce the primal realities of life, obediently and single-mindedly follow the only general law in the rational world, the law of causation. Whatever moral complications arise during the operation of this law, they willingly accept; but no great poet will change one tittle in his work to please a fanciful law of moral retribution in this world. We absolutely fail to grasp the poetic significance of any drama if we approach it with the distracting ethical preoccupation.

Lessing called a nonretributive catastrophe "horrible," "untragic." Does it seem likely that he would have maintained his theory against a play like "*Fuhrmann Henschel*" or novels like "*Anna Karénina*" or "*The Return of the Native*?" It is horrible only to those who are not at heart satis-

fied with the pathos of the fate of mankind; who need the smug conclusiveness—inartistic because it distracts the attention by forcing an explanation upon us—of a supreme law of retribution, nonexistent, the last remaining shadowy makeshift of an animistic interpretation of purely causal phenomena.

The nonretributive tragic idea has not come as an organic part of naturalism, depending on the latter for its own existence; but it has entered, as independently and normally as water enters a cavity, into the breach that naturalism made in the old theory. As a matter of logic, the mere fact that one single drama has achieved the full tragic effect, without tragic guilt, proves that the latter is not inherent in the former. The tenacity with which the theory of tragic guilt is held is partly due to a confusion of the general ethical bearings belonging to every vital human character and problem, dramatic or not, with a specific causal connection between guilty action and catastrophic retribution. To establish tragic guilt does not mean merely to recognize the general importance of morality in life, including its biological, social, and spiritual effects, which no one denies; but it means to accept all the trivialities, artificialities, and perversions which ethical, especially retributive, preoccupations have at all times tried to force upon the deep realities of life. Faith in tragic guilt means submission to all the cant of poetic justice. The case of Paula Tanqueray furnishes a good illustration of the confusion of general ethical significance and specific ethical causation. It is often said that her and her husband's lives are wrecked as a punishment for her former bad life. Such a general guilt, however, has no more meaning than the platitude that the world is bad anyway, and deserves to suffer. We could call Paula's guilt tragic only if the catastrophe could be regarded as a specific penalty for her former sins. She suffers not because she has been bad in the past, but because all her efforts to become good are frustrated by the dead weight of a thousand circumstances, among which her past immorality is only one element. Her attempts at reform and her husband's generous purpose in



marrying her contribute much more directly to the catastrophe, and would therefore partake much more of the nature of a tragic guilt!

The Aristotelean fallacy has imposed itself for fully a century after Lessing, its greatest expounder, upon the modern drama. It has vitiated most of the dramas of Schiller and Hebbel. Grillparzer escaped its dangers only because his creative impulse was strong enough blandly to give his theories the slip whenever it became necessary. In two of his dramas, "Hero and Leander" and "The Jewess of Toledo," Grillparzer even went so far as deliberately to repudiate the idea of guilt. Schiller's "Maria Stuart," Grillparzer's "Jewess of Toledo," and Hebbel's "Agnes Bernauer" are identical in their tragic idea. But whereas Grillparzer and Hebbel respect the nonretributive character of their catastrophes, Schiller deliberately vulgarizes the last act of what might have been the greatest German drama by bending Elizabeth to a village grocer's scheme of morality.

Nothing that is true can be harmful. If we frankly accept the fact that the tragic idea, the idea of beauty, dwells in a world beyond that of ethical theories, we shall soon experience a widening of our sympathies and insight into life. We may find the old-fashioned theory of dramatic guilt and retribution paltry, smug, provincial, cramped and unloving compared to the wider, more human outlook of that point of view which limits ethics to its proper office of regulating human conduct in a finite sphere, and not of pronouncing ultimate judgments. We may realize that an ethical infinity is a contradiction in terms, for ethics involves the establishment of graded relations—*i. e.*, limitations.

How paltry a thing would infinity be if it could stoop to the puny harness of our relations! How much more awful is a blank infinity separated from us by a gulf that not even the sublimest projection of our spirit can bridge!

Tragic fate is as the awful shadow of infinity now and then glooming over the groveling plains of our life. Who would wish it scrawled over by the futile tracks of our firefly conduct?

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## BROWNING'S PLACE IN THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLISH POETRY.

IN the few lines "To J. Milsand of Dijon" that serve as preface to "Sordello," Browning wrote: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." A better statement of the controlling principle of all his poetry could hardly be made. In the history of the race man's experiences have steadily been growing more complex. Concerned first with his relation to the material world, he has found higher and higher interests until the problems of life have become not so much problems of the external world as problems of the inner self and its reactions as called into being by experience.

If in a survey of the progress of poetry we go back to the first great English poet, Chaucer, we find that he wrote largely with the unconscious purpose of adding to the experience of those who should with him set out on the Canterbury pilgrimage or by the fire at home follow the fortunes of Troilus and Criseyde. That was a time when the vision of the world vouchsafed to any man, whether he acquired the monkish gift of letters or not, was perforce a narrowly incomplete one. Peasant and lord alike were eager to hear of the life lived in other lands, of the dealings of fate with other men, of the chance and change that, coming unaccountably to other lives, might also come to theirs. For them, life could be full and satisfying only as they enlarged their experience; and even then, measured by our understanding, it must be narrow and monotonous. The poet satisfied men's needs, therefore, if he told them stories; for stories are but the experiences, real or fancied, of other men; and if the telling be but touched with enough warmth of truth, it may become very much the same thing as actual experience for the reader.

There are but three things out of which the poet may shape

the inspiration and the exaltation of his words—experience, beauty, and truth. Facts are not in themselves alone material for literature; but as a part of experience they may have a value through our interest in a something discovered, as a condition of our perception of beauty they may be in this an antecedent necessity, and as the combining elements whose relations it is the poet's place to interpret for us they are essentially involved in all truth. If aspects of beauty or gropings after truth find a place in the early poetry of the race, it is but incidentally. The warp and woof of such a poem as "Beowulf" is experience. Whether the writer believed in the existence of the hero Beowulf and of the monster Grendel, or they were in his mind personifications of some of the forces or phenomena of nature, does not matter; in any case he presented them in order to make his experience of the fatefulness of our human lives a poignant thing in the minds of others. To him the ocean was the "swan road," the "whale path," the "sea street," the "flood waves," the "sea path," to mention only part of the names applied to it, because in the paucity of experience every phase of each experience must be given an individual presentation as if a thing apart in itself. In a time when there were few or no books each man's experience could go comparatively little beyond his own immediate sensations of sight or sound or touch.

For Chaucer hardly less than for the unknown writer of "Beowulf," then, experience was the almost inevitable substance of verse. When at a later time the real world, in which men day by day saw and heard some new thing, offered more varied range of experience, when man's hungry curiosity about his world had grown into a mood of contemplative delight, there was added to the poet's material a larger element of beauty. It would not be easy to trace the progress of this change in the century following Chaucer; but when we come to the next great English poet, Spenser, it would not be too much to say that it is largely this increase of the element of beauty that distinguishes the later poet from the earlier.

Spenser was much more concerned with questions of moral

law than Chaucer, but it was not altogether because he lived in an age in which were working the forces that should produce Puritanism. According to his understanding, the world is beautiful only as it is a world in which moral law is recognized. Going beyond man's actual experience, he found interest and an ideal world that was different from the real only in being more morally beautiful. Chaucer saw life as a pageant of moving incidents in which his love of color found a high satisfaction and concerning which he did not care to speculate in the idealizing fashion. The things that caught his eye were charming in themselves, but no sense of harmony and fitness and proportion brought them all together in one impression of their concordant beauty. Spenser, on the contrary, did not stop with the worth of experience in itself, but sought to find in it the significance of beauty.

To Milton, too, beauty meant much; and if truth was in his vision of more moment than in Spenser's, it became so rather because experience had grown dimmer in the distance than because beauty seemed less a thing to satisfy men's souls. The author of "*L'Allegro*," "*Il Penseroso*," and "*Comus*" was enraptured of the beautiful; but his interest fastened itself, too, upon the changeless, the law-controlled, the eternal. The glory of earth's happiness was a thing for man's contemplation as well as for his delight, and this attitude in Milton marked the growing complexity of life and its human interests. For men who lived in the fullness of their age experience was now grown vastly richer than in Chaucer's day, and out of experience men's thought tried to shape the inspiration of new truth. If even in Milton this did not always reach the heightening of feeling and of verbal expression demanded of the highest poetry, it was a thing to be expected. For a century after Milton the experience that went to the making of English poetry was that of the trivial and the commonplace; the sense of the beautiful that found place in it was cold and artificial; the truth to which it gave expression was conventional and matter-of-fact. The greatness to which poetry had come in Shakespeare and in Milton was a greatness beyond the spirit of the time immediately suc-

ceeding; but when the inspiration of a more genuine poetic feeling came into men's lives again, there was in it a more romantic love for the beautiful and a more mystically eager regard for truth. The banality of Pope, the everyday wisdom of Johnson gave place to a revived interest in the things that make our own world and man's life on it a wonder and a delight.

The mystic, the dreamer, the thinker are evident at once in Coleridge. It took some time for the critical world to realize that there was real beauty and real truth in a creation apparently so completely divorced from experience as the "Ancient Mariner;" but we are assured now that it is beauty at its best and truth at its purest. "Kubla Khan," "Christabel"—in fact, the whole poetic product "of the inspired charity boy"—are a long way from the naïve presentation of elementary human experience that we find in Chaucer. Of the poets whom we think of together as marking in their work the triumph of romanticism, Keats was remarkable for his individual devotion to beauty. "The Eve of St. Agnes," "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," with respect to the degree in which beauty is made the material of poetry, reveal an advance even upon the polished spontaneity of Milton's earlier rapt years. This is hardly less true of Shelley, and in him truth, and such truth as goes beyond the dogmatic perceptions of an earlier time, is a more vital reality than in the poet of puritanism. In Milton truth was thought, while in Shelley it was passion, if the terms are understood in the comparative rather than in the absolute sense; and it is because of this increase of the emotion upon which poetry is dependent for its existence that we may say that truth had now become a more real part of poetry as an inspiration, a vision, an illumination of the things of the unseen. It was a time for the mood of seership, for that exaltation of man's spirit in which the world of the known seems somehow to touch the world of the unknown and wonder becomes rapture.

Wordsworth, expressing the "determination to compose a philosophical poem containing views of man, nature, and



society," at once confesses himself concerned with truth, not simply more than his predecessors, but even too much for the legitimate purposes of poetry. In large measure he saw and felt and understood after the manner of those born to the poet's purple, but sometimes sober truth seemed to him of more moment than a surer poetic judgment could think it. In Wordsworth, then, the trend of development in English poetry had come to the final stage when truth should be as significant for the poet as beauty or experience, and had even exaggerated the comparative importance of truth to the loss of a proper passion and delight in beauty. Tennyson, following Wordsworth, restored balance and proportion. Deeply stirred by the problems of his age, he could not be a mere dreamer. Touched by the pathos of man's elemental struggle with his environment, he could not escape the attitude of mind in which experience seems a moving thing in itself. In love with the beautiful as few poets are, he could not be other than an artist. "Ulysses," "Ænone," "In Memoriam," pass from the record of the primitive impress of the world upon untutored minds to rapt musing on the things touching the fearful problems of man's highest interests. Representative of the complex activities of his time, Tennyson seems the final outcome of that development which has here been traced.

Browning was born "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time," in much the same degree as Tennyson, but he made a vastly different use of his heritage. He was more like Chaucer than like any other English poet, but he could not employ material of the same sort because there was between them the soul-changing interval of five hundred eventful years. For Browning, as for Chaucer, experience, the changing panorama of our lives, was full of a significant interest, but he could not use it in the same naïve fashion. Soul development cannot come through the activity of the soul alone; the incidents in the growth of a soul must inevitably be dependent upon experience, if they are not directly experience itself. Going back, then, to experience for his material, he used it, not so much for its worth



in itself as for its reactions in character. If we may think of man as studying the external world before coming to a realization of the significance of the inner world of his own being, we shall at once see that this was the inevitable next step.

Browning had a less real love for the beautiful than Tennyson or Keats or Shelley; and his absorption in truth was rather that of one who stands at gaze upon the passing show and with excited imagination speculates on the effect of the sight in the feelings of other observers about him, than that of a thinker making question of abstract truths. He was a thinker, indeed, a student, and perhaps a philosopher—all poets worthy of the name are thinkers—but it is important to apprehend clearly that in his representative work his thinking did not take logically formal shape. He felt deeply the significance of all things that touch men's lives and the reactions of these things in the soul, and his poetry is much more than the amused comment of a dilettante observer; but save in his later years he was genuine poet in his delight in all the manifold richness of experience in our changing lives.

It is worth noting that Browning's training for his work was the training of travel rather than of the university. It was to be expected of him that he would become speculative, so far as he should become so at all, in a fashion other than that of the cloistered student. In their actual lives, as well as in the mood and manner of what they wrote, Chaucer and Browning were the two most cosmopolitan of English poets. Tennyson's insularity, Byron's bitterly defiant antipathies, Keats's indifference to the issues of the hour, Arnold's absorption in the spirit of Hellenism, are all unknown to both of them alike. They are elusively subjective in much the same degree, and in each of them there is the same sort of freshness and elemental vigor. Browning has given us no *Wife of Bath*; but *Ottima* might put the creator of the older woman to the blush for frank brutality of self-revelation. The two are peculiar for a delicacy and minuteness of psychological analysis not found in the same sort outside of the authors

of "Troilus and Criseyde" and "The Ring and the Book." Chaucer knows nothing of Browning's philosophy of love or of any other of the conclusions forced out of the later poet's curiously observant meditation, but that difference between them is not in some ways so vital as it seems. In the things that made them poets, in catholicity of temper, in warmth of appreciation of ways of thinking and feeling not their own, in delight in human nature and all its manifestations in careful skill in tracing emotional states, in emotional intensity that falls short of lyrical subjectivity in its ordinary expression, in a dramatic instinct not common to poets other than avowed dramatists, they are by native gifts and impulses very much akin.

These things have been worth insisting on that we may understand the better, in the difference between them, the development that has taken place and the position of Browning in that development. After poetry dealing with the external world has successively employed experience, beauty, and truth as its material, it begins again with experience. It is a new sort of experience, for it is the show of things that take place within the soul rather than the show of things that strike upon the eye, but it is none the less a return to that primitive material for the exercise of the poet's art. Browning's tendency toward making much of the individual case as a law unto itself is in accord with the impulses of those who are making a first literary record of experience. If his poetry were the development of an abstract philosophy in the degree that many would have us believe, we should find in him less insistence on the individual and more on the type, less care for the joy of one life and more for the good of many, less interest in the fleeting moment and more in the process of the suns. Browning's nature was a robust and hearty one, with large possibilities of living much; but his vigor had, too, a touch of the poet's nervousness, and if this was less than in Tennyson, it was still enough to give everything imaginative color and keep him far from the coldly intellectual. We must distinguish in him between the expression of an idea as exemplified in an individual life and the

development of that idea as a principle of universal application. This distinction between such a poet as Browning was, a student of the more or less isolated phenomena of experience, and a formal philosophic thinker, or poet devoted in large measure to the expression of truth, should not be passed over or forgotten when we are considering Browning's philosophy as an organized system of truth. Almost any list of poems that we might make—"The Laboratory," "In a Gondola," "Cleon," "Apparent Failure," "The Last Ride Together," even "Dis Aliter Visum," and "The Statue and the Bust"—would illustrate in almost every poem the fact that his study of the experiences of the soul is a study of isolated phenomena, rather than of phenomena that, grouped and classified in the scientific fashion, may be made to furnish interesting and profitable generalizations. It is in this fashion that the earliest poets of any people have dealt with what has appealed to them as fitting substance for the tissue of their glorious web of dreams.

Browning, then, is not an anomaly. His obscurity is due to the fact that he is the first to essay a new mode that is but a normal evolution and is yet a reversion to earlier forms. The artistic insufficiency of some aspects of his work, when comparison is made with that of Tennyson's, is to be accounted for by the same circumstance of his being a discoverer, an investigator, and possibly a forerunner. If he is to be understood, he must be read with recognition of the elemental nature of the poetic impulses in him, impulses that, as we have seen, make him of the kindred of the father of English poetry, and with recognition of the changed conditions of life under which those impulses must find expression. Whether there shall be a further development of poetry taking the trend for the phenomena of the internal world that the previous development has taken for the external world is hardly a thing to be debated now. It is enough for us to perceive that Browning, reverting to experience, but experience of a new type, is but a natural, if not inevitable, feature of the evolution of English poetry.

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## SIDNEY LANIER'S LECTURES.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH Sidney Lanier has been almost twenty-two years in his grave, he is really just now beginning to live and to find his place among the immortal makers of literature. On examining the histories of American literature that have been put forth within the last quarter of a century, one notes with pleasure the growing appreciation of the writers of these for the qualities of Lanier's poetry and for his literary insight and keenness of criticism, and for that most beautiful of all his poems—the poet's own life. In the earlier of these works there is barely a mention of Lanier's name; but the later critics have given more and more attention and space to him of whom Mr. William Hayes Ward long ago said, "He will, I think, take his final rank with the first princes of American song." It is not, however, as a poet that we wish to consider Lanier at this time, but rather as a lecturer and critical scholar and as the author of an important work recently issued in two volumes by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company under the title of "Shakspeare and his forerunners."

With the inadequate training of his youth, with the interruption of his literary studies and development by the war, and with the struggle with disease and poverty after the war, it is not to be expected that Lanier should have won for himself a position of authority or even eminent respect among scholars of broader and uninterrupted training. It seems almost marvelous that a raw Southern boy, with what he himself called a farcical college training, should have fought his way up against all adverse circumstances to a recognized place not only among American poets but among critical thinkers and men of letters. He came to a knowledge of the beginnings of English literature only at ma-

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<sup>1</sup>"Shakspeare and His Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and Its Development from Early English." By Sidney Lanier. Two volumes. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

turity; but he prosecuted his studies with a zeal born of passion, and came to have a thoroughly appreciative if not a scholarly knowledge of the whole of our early literature. Yet with all his intense application and wide reading after he came to Baltimore, one must see that it is not as a technical scholar that Lanier is to find his place among American critics, but rather as an inspiring writer and lecturer on poetry. As a judge of what is best in literature and as a natural appreciative critic on poetry and life, he yields to none who has written on this side of the water. His appreciation and criticism were not second-hand nor in any sense servile. He went back to the original sources and read the poets, not about them, and his utterances were the natural and spontaneous expression of his own emotions and judgments. He was a discoverer and revealer of the beauties of poetry yet unappreciated and of poets who had long lain neglected, and his discoveries will to a great degree stand the accumulated judgment of time.

It is true that Lanier, with his Southern temperament, was an enthusiast; but his taste was so pure and his judgment so sure that he rarely allowed himself to be betrayed by the ruling passions of his life into statements too excessive and dogmatic. This intense enthusiasm is one of the characteristics that make his lectures so entertaining and inspiring. In the lectures under consideration he naturally excluded all the dry-as-dust criticism characteristic of the German school; and yet he did not despise the results to be obtained from the patient examination and collection of facts, especially when they are applicable to the deeper significance of the personality and growth of art and character in any given author.

The two courses of lectures contained in the volumes under consideration were delivered in Baltimore during the winter of 1879 and 1880, one to a class of young ladies at the Peabody Institute, the other to students of the Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier has edited the manuscripts left by his father, and has prepared a becomingly modest preface, in which he adequately sums up the author's



object in these words: "What he set himself to accomplish, then, was to picture the Master Poet as the culmination of that marvellous Elizabethan Age which came flaming upon a world just beginning to guess at its own true self. In order to show the situation adequately, he selected certain beacon lights far back—'Beowulf,' 'St. Juliana,' 'The Address of the Soul to the Body,' and so on—which seemed to reveal to the mind of Englishmen and their poets during that semisavage period which is roughly terminated with the Norman Conquest. With his usual faculty for bringing together illuminating facts apparently diverse, he traced the development in man's attitude toward God, toward Nature, and toward his fellow-man in these Early English writings, in the neglected Scotch poets of the fourteenth century, in Chaucer, in Shakespeare, and in modern literature. Then, after a survey of the sonnet writers from Surrey to Shakespeare (half forgotten now, only because they were presently obscured by the greatest light of English poetry), he came to an intimate study of William Shakespeare, the man, and his art."

The opening lectures were devoted to a scientific investigation of the relations of poetry to sound—the rhythms, the tunes, and the tone colors of verse; but as the author had treated this subject more fully in his "Science of English Verse," published in his own lifetime, all but the barest outline of his theory is omitted from these volumes. The importance of a careful study of the minor poets of the Elizabethan Age and a survey of the beginnings of our literature is emphasized because of the historical setting and perspective in which by this means we can view the supreme excellence of Shakespeare.

The supernatural in early English and in Shakespeare is shown by a comparison of an "Address of the Soul to the Body" of about the tenth century with the ghostly apparitions in "Hamlet." Nature in early English and in Shakespeare is developed by a comparison of the nature utterances and background in "Beowulf" with those in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Chapters following this are "Some Birds of English Poetry," including the "Phoenix" of Cynewulf, the "Twa Daws" of William Dunbar, and "The Phoenix and the Turtle" of Shakespeare, "Women of English Poetry," "The Wife in Middle English Poetry," and several chapters devoted to the "Sonnet Makers from Surrey to Shakespeare." Under the last caption we have a discussion of the place of the sonnet in poetry, a résumé of the writers of the sonnet outburst during the last decades of the sixteenth century, with a special discussion of the sonnet sequences of William Drummond of Hawthornden, Samuel Daniel, Henry Constable, Michael Drayton, Sir Philip Sidney, William Habington, Bartholomew Griffin, and Shakespeare. These chapters are particularly interesting. A quotation from one of them will give a fair sample of Lanier's lecture style. His independent and courageous preference for the Shakespearean or so-called illegitimate sonnet deserves especial notice:

My last lecture closed with some illustrations of the great variety of emotions with which the sonnet can deal successfully, that having been asserted one of the qualities by reason of which this form had been so universally adopted among modern English poets for the expression of their own individual feelings. A second circumstance which recommends the sonnet for these purposes is that its length and form are exactly what they should be in order to afford the most vivid expression to any lyric idea. In fact, I may here state a view of the sonnet which I think you will find one of the most convenient bases for founding a reasonable judgment of the strength and success of any work of this sort. Every sonnet should be a little drama. We are accustomed to think that scarcely any two forms of poetry could be farther apart than a sonnet and a play; but I believe you will not find it difficult to convince yourselves, upon a little reflection, that every sonnet approaches just so much nearer to perfection as it approaches nearer to the form of the drama. For, the type of a perfect lyrical poem always seems to me this: a flash of lightning in a dark night. The poet takes an idea susceptible of the lyric treatment, and flashes it in upon our minds by his art, so that, in however unpoetic and worldly mood our hearts may be, they retain some impression of the beautiful thought, just as even the unwilling eye at night, after beholding a bright stroke of lightning, still sees the forked lines of light after they have actually disappeared. The brilliancy prints itself by pure force of *intensity* on the nerve. Now it is this intensity which gauges the more or less successful treatment of an idea in a poem. What, then, is the best method of securing it? I answer, the dramatic method. . . .

Now this type of the drama is also the type of every strong sonnet. in the last two lines of the sonnet the crisis comes, where, with some the reason of its being, as Jealousy is of Shakespeare's "Othello," or Misanthropy is of "Timon of Athens," or Youthful Love is of "Romeo and Juliet." In the second place, this central idea should be gradually unfolded by means of subordinate ideas, which come on the stage like the characters in a play, the subordinate ideas acting and reacting upon each other so as to form a sort of plot, which thickens and thickens, until in the last two lines of the sonnet the crisis comes, where, with some epigrammatic fire of beauty, the whole *motive* of the sonnet is clearly and forcibly displayed in its relation to all the minor terms or characters that may have been employed. For this reason, in the third place, all these minor ideas which attend the main one should be of such a nature that they will not be inharmonious with the central informing idea, but will converge upon it, as I said, at the crisis, and will all add their weight and motive to it, so that the poem as a unity comes with the cumulative momentum of all its parts upon the reader. It was with a view to this flashing out of the crisis in the last two lines of the poem that I remarked in a previous lecture upon the superiority of the English sonnet in one particular to the Italian; this one particular being that the English sonnet always ends in a rhymed couplet, and this close antithesis of rhyme with rhyme affords an opportunity for a sharp and epigrammatic snapping off of the action, as it were, which is a great advantage in the hands of him who knows how to use it.

The last two chapters of Volume One are devoted to Shakespeare's pronunciation as based on the phonetic researches of A. J. Ellis in England and on the independent investigations of Noyes and Pierce in this country. Of course it is of interest to know how Shakespeare and his contemporaries actually talked; but such uncertain quantities as the shades of tone of vowels and consonants, which can hardly be determined and recorded in our own days even with the help of electrical appliances, become still more matters of speculation and conjecture when an attempt is made to reproduce the exact pronunciation of any past age. When Lanier enters this field of investigation he is not authoritative, and naturally it is here that he is least interesting and convincing. He doubtless made his lectures entertaining by vocal illustrations, and especially by reading a selection from the master poet in what was supposed to be the real tone and accent of the Elizabethan times.

In the opening chapters of the second volume, however, our author gets into a field in which he had made original

investigations and one in which he could speak with more authority. No one, perhaps, was better prepared to speak on the "Music of Shakespeare's Times" than the poet-musician. He had examined the music and the musical history of this period as carefully and as fully as it was possible for him to do, and the results of his investigations are worthy of respectful consideration and study. He shows how widely music was cultivated in all classes and how thoroughly it was studied and mastered by the Elizabethans. The different kinds of music, the motet, the fugue, the round, the extempore descant, the pricksong, the plain chant; the various forms of musical instruments, the lutes, the virginals, flutes, shawms, citterns, trumpets, the chest of viols, the psalteries, the organs; the popular dances, such as the pavan, the galliard, the allemande, the coranto, the paspy, the morris, etc.; the popular catches, madrigals, ballads, and ballad tunes of the times—in fact, the whole historical development of music, from the Gregorian chants to Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book—are presented in the most delightful manner.

Four chapters are devoted to the domestic life of Shakespeare's time, and one to the doctors. The author had in mind still other lectures on the stage, the preachers, the lawyers, the artists, the scientists, so that the historical setting would doubtless have been very much extended had he lived. Still we have quite a satisfactory if not an adequate presentation in these volumes. Finally two chapters on the metrical tests, including the rhyme test, the weak-ending test, the double-ending test, and the rhythmic accent test, and three chapters on man's relation to the supernatural, to nature, and to man, close the series. It would be interesting to review these chapters in detail, but lack of space forbids.

Considerable space is devoted to a chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's plays. The whole purpose of the lecturer in this effort to make an accurate chronology of the plays was to show the inner development of the character and life of the poet through three stages or periods. The first of these was the Bright Period, or Carelessness, 1590-1601, representing "the vivacious imagination of the youth—

who has but lately flown out of the quiet Warwickshire fields up into the gay life of London—rioting about the contemporary world and down through the ages like a young swallow in the early morning, now flitting his wing in the water,—and like as not muddy water,—now sailing over the meadow-grass, now sweeping through the upper heights of heaven.”

After showing that all the comedies belong to this first period, and that there is but one strict tragedy, and this (“*Romeo and Juliet*”) “is simply a bridegroom’s passionate song, set off with a funeral hymn for a foil,” and that the chronicle plays are distinctly lighter and less personal than the later plays of this type, being more or less an answer to the popular and patriotic demand for this kind of play, the poet enters the second or Dark Period—Bitterness—1601-08, and in this almost all of the great tragedies are written. The questioning spirit of a time “out of joint,” the dark sorrow of neglected friendship, the death of his son Hamnet, the financial troubles of his father back at Stratford—all this weighs down on his spirit, and he is unconsciously expressing in the great single-passion tragedies and in the gloomy sonnets of this period the great conflict going on in his own soul.

Finally he emerges from this dark period and enters into the Heavenly Period—Forgiveness—1608-13. The author’s own words here are sufficiently condensed for quotation:

But, as suddenly as he entered it, our strong man emerges from this Dark Period into one which, without wishing to be fanciful, I have found no other name for than the Heavenly Period. He is, as his sonnet says, renewed. Instead of the bleak storms of the “*Hamlet*” and “*Macbeth*” time, now we have the great and beautiful calm of a spirit which, after having seen and shared in all the crime and all the grief of the world, has at length attained God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain. If you contemplate this group of plays which I have here placed in the last period, you find them all hinging upon the sweet that follows the bitter: “*Pericles*,” “*Cymbeline*,” “*Tempest*,” “*Winter’s Tale*,” “*Henry VIII.*,” all these, in great and noble music, breathe of new love after estrangement, of the recovery of long-lost children, of the kissing of wives thought dead, of reconciliation, of new births of old happiness—most of all, of sweeping magnanimity, of heavenly forgiveness. If we listen to that epilogue of “*The Tempest*,” we cannot help believing that it is the



old poet Shakespeare himself who is writing his last play, or believes he is, and who, in the guise of Prospero, is laying down the mantle of his magic and preparing to depart from the lonesome island of this world into the Strange Country. "Now," he says in this epilogue which is spoken by Prospero. "Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint;" and you cannot forget the beautiful and passionate fervour of his closing appeal:

As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

There is not a dull page in the book. Every lover of literature, every serious-minded student who sees it, will not be satisfied, I take it, until he has read every word of the six hundred and fifty pages. There is just enough humor scattered here and there throughout the talks to lighten the more serious portions. For instance, at the opening of the course he says: "If you should infer from the lofty ideal of literature which my present purpose requires me to lay before you that I am disposed to magnify the literary function unduly, perhaps I can bribe you off from thinking so by making a bargain with you. If you will agree not to accuse your present lecturer of a tendency to believe that the very Fall of Man may clearly be attributed to the fact that Adam and Eve were not well grounded in English Literature, I will agree not to urge the consideration that if our first parents could have had the privilege of reading Milton's 'Paradise Lost' or Cædmon's account, and could so have seen their conduct in its true light, they would certainly have acted in a way that would have brought less disastrous consequences to their posterity."

Like Lowell, and with a skill almost if not quite equal to that of this eminent epigrammatic critic, Lanier had the faculty of coining a happy phrase to crystallize the sum and substance of an author and his work. For example, he said: "The trouble with Poe is that he doesn't know enough." While admitting that there was something about Whitman which "refreshed him like harsh salt spray," he condemned his lawlessness in art, saying: "Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry—and never mind gristle—is what Whitman feeds our souls with." Of

Swinburne he says: "He invited me to eat; the service was silver and gold, but no food therein save pepper and salt." Of William Morris: "He caught a crystal cupful of the yellow light of sunset, and, persuading himself to dream it wine, he drank it down with a sort of smile." In "The Crystal" there are a number of these terse, epigrammatic sentences. Of some of the more modern writers he says:

Emerson,

Most wise, that yet, in finding wisdom, lost  
Thyself sometimes; tense Keats, with angels' nerves  
Where men's were better; Tennyson, largest voice  
Since Milton, but some register of wit  
Wanting—all, all, I pardon ere 'tis asked,  
Your more or less, your little mole that marks  
You brother and your kinship seals with man.

In the present volumes there are numbers of these bright flashes. Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier mentions a few in his preface that were left on scraps of paper and backs of envelopes and not included in the lectures. Such as: "Shakespeare's vocabulary is wonderfully large. It does not seem to have occurred to those who have thought him an unlearned man that whatever words he uses he must have read; for words, which are wholly artificial products, cannot come by intuition, no matter how divine may be one's genius." Again: "It would have been as absurd for Shakespeare, in anticipation of more delicate-mouthed times, to mince his words as to parade the streets of London in long pantaloons and a stovepipe hat instead of hose and a plumed slouch."

It is needless to say that the gleam of the poet's imagination is often seen in a flash of brilliancy through the rich foliage of the lecturer's prose. The translations of the excerpts of Old English poetry are some of them particularly noteworthy, and the style throughout is lighted up by the ground-glass glow of poetic thought and ornament. The first lecture opens with a metaphor, and the last closes with a long and intricate comparison worked out with all the poet's care and precision. One might give dozens of instances of these poetic illustrations, but two or three must suffice.

In delineating the style of Shakespeare's sonnets he says: "Note particularly how the thought skips daintily from one idea to another, just touching each with a sort of salutation. You will see that ever and anon, by using a term in a double sense, he causes two significations to meet in the same word, like two lips at the same point, and there to kiss out a new hint of meaning." He calls this the dragon-fly-sipping-water style. To illustrate the mechanical regularity of the end-stopped lines as compared with the freedom and variety of the run-on lines, he reads some of Pope's couplets and characterizes the selection thus: "The lines move two and two, by inexorable couples, like charity children in procession, each pair holding hands, and the exactness becomes presently intolerable to the modern ear."

It goes without saying that if these lectures had been published during the poet's lifetime they would not have had the handsome setting in which they now have appeared. Of course, if the author had edited the work, some crudities of style due to rapid composition would have been eliminated, some parts which made good lecture material but which become sheer padding in a book would have been lopped off, some of the personal equation would have been removed, and we might have had a more perfectly unified series, a compacter treatment, and on the whole a more artistic presentation of the ideal of the master poet which the author had so nobly conceived. But we should have lost something of the personality of the lecturer, something of the man, and we much prefer to have the lectures just as the poet left them rather than lose anything of his charming personality. We might wish that the poet could have reaped some of the financial harvest which is now coming in, but it may be well that the lectures have lain thus long from the eyes of the public. The audience which the book will reach is now perhaps much larger than that which it would have commanded during the author's lifetime, and the mechanical perfection of the books, with their one hundred valuable illustrations, would have been impossible if the work had appeared earlier. In judging the content of the work one

should remember that the material was prepared almost twenty-five years ago, and in criticising the form one should bear in mind the purpose for which the lectures were intended and the absence of the author's pruning hand in the editing. Even in the face of the great strides made in critical methods during the last quarter of a century, it is my opinion that students and lecturers on English literature of the period of which the book treats will get much suggestion and information, as well as pleasure and inspiration, from these volumes.

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

## ONE PHASE OF LITERARY CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

As one observes the literary developments in the Southern States of to-day the most noticeable feature is the many small and disconnected efforts being made to present a literary appearance. Within a very few years a number of small magazines of a general character have been started in different large cities, while here and there energetic college professors have founded magazines of a technical, historical, or critical nature, and have gathered about themselves small but interested circles of writers and readers. Newspapers, too, endeavor to print a more readable page, and, while striving to give the reader an intelligently written and pleasing account of the world's doings, fortunately have escaped the wild, sensational, fantastic articles of the Northern Sunday sheet. Conservatism has thus been in some ways a blessing.

Nor does the South of to-day lack entirely for writers. A surprisingly large number of magazine writers are Southerners; well-known editors of Southern birth are numerous, and books by Southern men and women are now commonly found among the "best sellers" of the month. The majority of these writers, however, go to the North, achieve their success in the North, remain in the North; and some, living no longer in the home land, seemingly forget the old surroundings and cease to write a note of Southern flavor. Of course the South may claim all of these; but when all is said, how little does the literature of America depend for its existence upon the South!

What is needed? What must be done for the cause of literature in these States? How shall its influence, scope, and value be enlarged? Suggestion after suggestion has been made. The undoubted value of public libraries has been mentioned; some have argued the need of a great Southern magazine, and lately some have taken the erroneous view



that a Southern publishing house is the prime necessity. Surely the latter idea is wrong. Can the location of a printing press vitally affect a literature? There can be no doubt as to the answer. A piece of English literature might be printed in Russia and still be English literature. A production of the South might be published in Canada and still be a Southern work. It matters little, this question of place. True, we need a strong magazine to be in close touch with Southern sentiments and interests, but surely Southern letters can thrive without that. A publishing house which would study the needs and opportunities of the South would be helpful, but is it absolutely essential? These are but aids; they do not strike to the root of the trouble. The great need for the production of literature in the Southern States is *a Southern reading public*.

The true strength of a church lies not in its pastor; the real power of a company is not in its captain. The rank and file at last decide every conquest. A few writers, a strong magazine, a great publishing house, cannot create a literature in the South. The common people, and they alone, can make it possible. The main trouble has been, and is yet, that too few Southerners read books. A certain class read the newspapers and can discuss politics fairly well, but literature—they know it not. It is as impossible under such conditions to create a literature as it is to sustain one.

What, then, must the South have? Above all else, it must have a numerous average citizenship that can discern and appreciate good literature. Prejudice must go. The Southerner must be able and willing to recognize a good work, whether by a foreigner or a native of his own country, a Northerner or a Southerner, a white man or a black man; and, more important still, he must be able to see the true literary size and importance of his own section. Because a work is by a man of the South, he must not laud it as a masterpiece. Let every Southern writer be encouraged, but let him ever be compared with the world's standard and not be puffed up with the vanity of sectionalism. Alas for the vain-glorious local poet! Nearly every Southern State has its

own anthology, and therein are gathered the priceless gems of her aspiring sons and daughters. Bound in elegant covers, it takes a prominent place in the school library, while Milton and Tennyson repose in dusty obscurity. Thus the true proportions of literary excellence are lost sight of, and literature becomes a local thing and ceases to be literature.

With these evils perceived, the main problem is their correcting. How shall we secure an intelligent, discerning, literature-loving public? Writers of Southern birth can no more create *it* than they can a Southern literature without it. Southern publications and Southern publishing houses are equally helpless. Whence cometh our help? The burden lies mainly upon one class of citizens—the *Southern public school teacher*. He of all persons possesses the enviable opportunity of making lovers of literature. The college professor can but aid; for when the public school sends to him these rapidly maturing students totally indifferent to the glories of letters, and indeed ignorant of the most general literary facts, he can do little toward changing the callous brain.

But the school-teacher may mold the gentle mind. He may read the best to his students; he may place the best before them; he may talk of the best to them; he may *compel* them to read only the best during school hours. The very state of being with the best will lift the boy and girl. Man cannot live with gods and be a brute. Time will cause marvelous changes in the tastes of the students, and under such conditions they not only will love the best but will crave a wider knowledge of the great figures and forces in literature. Then, when such a fortunate state exists, there will no longer occur the humiliating sight of students knocking for admittance to Southern colleges and yet unable to write their application in decent English. Then, also, we shall cease to see the still more dismal scene of students struggling with the philology of the English language and yet ignorant of the basic facts of its literature.

But such a time awaits the coming of the literature-loving teacher. And how few are such instructors! The man who

drums rules of grammar into children's heads is not a teacher of English. Too many monstrosities in the grammatical way are already abroad in the land. Full many a teacher of the South can boast with the old North Carolina pedagogue that he can parse every word in "Paradise Lost," and "can take the English language by the tail and crack it like a whip." What can such a man know of the glories of Milton? Mere grammar and rhetoric will not create literature lovers. The placing of good books before the school child, and the compelling him to read them or none, count in the end for far more than a glib knowledge of cases and tenses. So long as the grammar is master of the pedagogue, the cause of literature will suffer. Let us have books, good books, the masterpieces. A campaign for good reading among Southern children is one of the crying needs of the hour. When the South has reading children, it will have a reading public; when it has a reading public, the magazines and publishing houses will come as a consequence. Above all else, *it will have a literature.*

Such, then, are some of the literary conditions in Southern States. There are some writers; there are some small ventures in magazines; there is a large class of poorly prepared, poorly paid teachers; and overshadowing all with its dismal cloud is the vast public of blacks and whites who know nothing of literature, who have no opportunity to know of it, and who do not care to know of it. This is the indifferent but destructive enemy of letters in the South. It creates no literature; it demands none. It spreads its vast wings between the sun of ability and the field of opportunity, and the seeds of literature die for nourishment. Until this blighting force is driven away, the South can expect no great production. For Literature does not spring from Ignorance. When the actual public of the South can read and wants to read, thinks and is eager to find its thoughts expressed, then, and then only, will a literature characteristic and worthy of Southern life, sentiments, thoughts, and passions be brought forth.

CARL HOLLIDAY.

## CLASSIC VERSIFICATION IN ENGLISH POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE poets that made the Elizabethan Age are commonly held to have paid more attention to the matter than to the manner of their work. They are supposed, and in many cases rightly supposed, to have "held a mirror up to nature," and the image was faithfully reflected in their verse, though that verse lacked the polish insisted on by the followers of Dryden and of Pope. But it is not generally remembered how near the men of this time came to missing the high praise that following generations have accorded them, and how far they incurred the danger of wasting their genius in hopeless endeavors to force English poetry into Latin and Greek molds, for which it was totally unfit, and in which, at best, it could never have gone farther than clever imitation.

At first one might well doubt whether a language that afterwards showed the poetic capacity of the English could be so turned from its natural bent as to change the whole future of its poetry. But if we read correctly the history of the poetry of Greece and Rome, we can see to what extent one language can be influenced by another, even though this other language be that of a conquered and subject race.

The Latin tongue can scarcely be considered inferior to the English by any impartial critic. For over two thousand years it has shown a wonderful power of expressing thought in both poetry and prose, and during a large part of this time it has been, more nearly than any other, the language of the civilized world. Yet we find the Latin of the classic period based directly on the Greek, and no Roman author, certainly no Roman poet, ever freed himself sufficiently from Greek influence to become one of the leaders of thought of the literary world. We find no Roman Homer or Dante or Shakespeare, and in the nature of things there could be none. What Rome might have developed if left to herself

we cannot say, but we know what she did not develop as it was. Therefore we may be thankful that the metrical systems of Harvey and Drant fell to the ground, and that Shakespeare was allowed to follow his own genius, instead of being forced to write "Hamlet" in classic hexameters with the proper variation of short and long syllables. Or, rather, we may congratulate ourselves that we have a "Hamlet."

Had there been an English Ennius to express the theories of Harvey and other pedants of his kind in some great poem, the verse of the Elizabethan Age, if not of succeeding periods, would be very different from what it really is. Spenser and Sidney, who were favorably inclined toward the classic school when there was no abler man at its head than Gabriel Harvey, would certainly have been far more deeply influenced by a successful poet in that school; and it is not at all improbable that Shakespeare, Marlowe, and the rest would have been forced to follow in the same direction. But there was no poet to mold the English of Chaucer and Gower into a foreign form, as Ennius molded the Latin of Andronicus and Nævius. The national British versification was not suppressed as the Saturnian had been, and England was allowed a freedom of expression that was denied to Italy for five hundred years. With the break-up of the empire Italy found this freedom, but her genius was gone and she waited many years for Dante and the Renaissance. Fortunately for England, her poets could work out their own salvation, and there remains only the moldy record of a forgotten attempt at imposing the quantities of Greece upon the flow of English verse.

The first man that tried to introduce into England the classic system of versification by quantity was Sir Thomas More; but his attempt went no farther than a few hexameter verses, which made so little impression on the public that Harvey half a century later was not aware of their existence. He was followed by Roger Ascham, tutor of Elizabeth, who, though he did not embody his theories in verse, left no doubt of his views on the subject. "But now," he writes in his "Scholemaster," "when men know the difference, and have



the example, both of the best and the worst, surelie to follow rather the Gothes in Ryming than the Greekes in trew versifying were even to eate ackorns with swyne, when we may freely eate wheate bread amonges men."

A few years after the publication of the "Scholemaster," in 1575, George Gascoigne, in his "Certayne Notes of Instruction," speaks of "English rimes (for I dare not cal them English verses)." But Gascoigne was not a reformer, and wrote of English poetry only as he found it. He was followed by men of more decided views on versification.

"I would heartily wish," writes Edmund Spenser to Gabriel Harvey about the year 1580, "you would either send me the rules and precepts of art which you observe in quantities, or else follow mine that Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drant devised, but enlarged with Mr. Sidney's own judgment and augmented with my observations; that we might both agree and accord in one, lest we overthrow one another and be overthrown of the rest." This allusion to Drant and Harvey's phrase, "the Dranting of verses," is about all we know of Drant's efforts at introducing quantity into English verse. He was a translator of Latin and Greek poetry, and little is known of his work; but he was the first Englishman to lay down rules for versifying after classic models, and his theories seem to have exerted some influence on the literary men of his time.

The chief movement, however, toward the classic system was led by Gabriel Harvey, whom we have already spoken of as the correspondent of Spenser. A man of some literary ability and really great learning, Harvey might have attained considerable reputation if he had not set himself to a task that not only he had not the genius to accomplish, but was in itself well-nigh impossible. Overbearing and pedantic, he was not the man to effect a great literary revolution, though his influence on Spenser and Sidney shows that he must have had considerable power over men. "If I never deserve any better remembrance, let me be epitaphed the inventor of the English hexameter," was the keynote of his life; and the fame that he rested on the English hexam-

eter has perished even more completely than his favorite meter.

At one time, however, this result was not so evident as it is to-day. The interest that Spenser took in Harvey's metrical theories has already been commented on, and that this was more than a passing fancy can be seen from the following quotations: "I like your late English hexameters so exceedingly well," he writes Harvey, "that I also inure my pen sometimes in that kind; which I find, indeed, as I have often heard you defend in word, neither so hard nor so harsh but that it will easily and fairly yield itself to our mother-tongue." Again he writes: "Trust me, your verses I like passingly well and envy your hidden plan in this kind or rather malign or grudge at yourself, which would not once impart so much to me." It must not be forgotten that these are the words of the greatest poet of that time in England.

But Spenser was not the only poet influenced by Harvey. Sir Philip Sidney was much interested in the latter's theories, and though in the "Apologie for Poetrie" he takes a neutral ground between the ancient and modern systems of versification, yet he went so far in his admiration of the ancient that Spenser could say of him and Dyer: "And now they have proclaimed in their ἀπειροπάγῳ a general surceasing and silence of bald rhymers and allso of the very best too; instead whereof they have, by the authority of their senate, prescribed certain rules and laws of quantities of English syllables for English verse; having had thereof already great practise and almost drawn me into their faction."

In this "faction" were also Stanyhurst, who translated four books of the *Æneid* into English verse, and William Webbe, who made extensive translations from Virgil and Horace. Webbe is still better known from "A Discourse of English Poetrie," in which he argues strongly for Harvey's system of classical versification. It is not likely that he came under the personal influence of Harvey and his followers; but he praises Harvey highly, and says that he is the only poet whose name he can couple with that of the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar." He is very enthusiastic about "that reformed

kind of poetry which Master Harvey did once begin to ratify;" and goes on to say that "if he [Harvey] had chosen some graver matter and handled but with half that skill, which I knowe he could have done, and not poured it foorth at a venture, as a thinge between jest and earnest, it had taken greater effect than it did."

Whether Webbe was correct or not in his estimate of Harvey's earnestness, there is certainly no doubt of his own desire for the reformation of English meter. Though he admits that "this tynkerly verse, which we call ryme," at times "beareth a good grace" in English, yet he longs to see the verse of his native land "bettered and made more artificiall, according to the worthiness of our speeche."

"I am fully and certainly perswaded," he writes, "that if the true kind of versifying in imitation of Greekes and Latines had been practised in the English tongue, and put in use from time to tyme by our Poets, who might have been continually mending and pollyshing the same, every one according to his severall giftes, it would long ere this have aspyred to as full perfection as in any other tongue whatsoever. For why may I not think so of our English, seeing that among the Romaines for a long time, yea even till the days of Tully, they esteemed not the Latine poetry almost worth anything in respect of the Greek; yet afterwarde it increased in credite more and more, and that in short space: so that in Virgilles time, wherein were they not comparable with the Greekes? So likewise, now it seemeth not currant for an English verse to runne upon the true quantity, and those feete which the Latines use, because it is strannge, and the other barbarous custom being in compasse of every base wit hath worn it out of credite or estimation. But if our wryters would rather infringe this curious custome by practising that commendable kind of wryting in true verse: then no doubt, as in other partes of learning, so in Poetry, [we] should not stoupe to the best of them all."

This passage, though somewhat involved, expresses very well the views of Harvey, Sidney, and the reformers. In it Webbe insists that the quantitative treatment can be made

to fit English as well as Latin. To aid in bringing about this result, he goes on to suggest various rules to govern the quantity of English words. Many of these are based on the principles of classic quantity, and many are purely arbitrary; but whatever the rules, the practical results seem very absurd. As illustrative of his versification, he cites two lines by Watson, which, he claims, attained the perfection of all rules and observations of the best versifying:

All travelers doo gladlie report great praise to Uliesses  
For that he knewe many men's manners and saw many cities.

We may well ask why Watson called this effusion poetry instead of prose, but to Webbe it seemed poetry of a high order and well worthy of imitation. We have a number of Webbe's translations from the classics, but they are all of the same kind as those of his friend Watson. The following two verses show sufficiently well their value:

Tityrus, happilie thou lyst tumbling under a beech tree,  
All in a fine oate pipe these sweet songs hastilie chanting.

From these selections it can be seen what small hope there was for any permanent verse in this meter. Neither Drant nor Harvey nor Webbe can be called poets in the strict sense of the word, and the verses they hammered out to uphold their system of versification were not such as to affect seriously the poetry of the age. Spenser, as has been shown, claims to have tried his hand at English hexameters; but, judging from the specimens that have come down to us, he was not very successful. Indeed, his verses might seem to have been written as a travesty upon the meter; but they were much admired by Webbe, and he quoted them as second only to those of Watson:

All that I eate did I joy and all that I greedilie gorged  
As for those manie goodlie matters left I for others.

Webbe's appreciation of such stuff as this shows how little idea he had of what constitutes real poetry. In Puttenham, however, we find a critic of much greater ability. His "*Arte of English Poesie*," published in 1589, shows a great advance over Webbe's production of three years before. In the second chapter of this book he ignores completely the work

of Harvey and Webbe in a comparison of English versification with that of Latin and Greek. "Their feete," he writes, "whereupon their measures stand indeede is all the beautie of their Poesie, which feete we have not, nor as yet never went about to frame (the nature of our language and wordes not permitting it)." But farther on in the book he admits the possibility of introducing these "feete" into English, and makes an obvious reference to Stanyhurst and other poets of Harvey's school.

"We imputed it," he says, "to a nice and scholasticall curiositie in such makers as have sought to bring into our vulgar Poesie some of the Anncient feete, to wit the Dactile into verses exameters, as he that translated certaine bookes of Virgil's Eneydos in such measures and not uncommendably." He then excuses himself for seeming to contradict his former statements, and declares that "we will in this present chapter and by our own idle observations shew how one may easily and commodiously leed all those feete of the anncients into our vulgar language." He accordingly proceeds to lay down rules for regulating the quantity of English syllables. These rules are based largely upon accent, orthography, and pronunciation, agreeing with Webbe's in many respects. Puttenham, however, does not seem to have expressed his theories in original verse, or even in such rude translations of the classics as Webbe had made a few years before.

But Puttenham was the last of the theorists that attempted to introduce classic versification into English. It is true that Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" did not appear until 1595, but it had been written some years before the publication of the "Arte of English Poesie." Daniel and Campion wrote for and against the use of rhyme early in the seventeenth century, and indeed this discussion was continued in Dryden's day and later; but the question of versification by quantity had been settled forever as far as England was concerned. After the appearance of Spenser's "Faërie Queene" and Shakespeare's plays, there could be no revolutionizing of the national system of versification, and the attempts that have since been made at reproducing classic meters in English have been merely poetical exercises, not intended to produce any large results.

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## FRANK R. STOCKTON.

APRIL, 1902, chronicled for us the death of Frank R. Stockton, one of the most genial and brilliant of American authors. Stockton is favorably known and read throughout the country. Nor is his fame confined to our American shores. His clever short stories and juvenile books have contributed to make his name in England almost as familiar as a household word, and his works are well-nigh as popular in English homes as in his native land. Death seems to have removed him from us all too soon. His pen gave no sign of waning productivity or decreasing skill. When the end came, he was still a vigorous and active writer of only three score years, and was planning even greater things than he had yet accomplished.

Stockton was born in Philadelphia April 5, 1834. His father was a prominent Methodist preacher and author, who used much ink and paper in his trenchant, vigorous theological controversies, and was an uncompromising champion of a number of reforms in his Church. Of these reforms, perhaps the most noteworthy was that of lay representation. Young Stockton was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia; and upon his graduation from the Central High School, in 1850, he entered an engraver's office, intending to make that trade his life work. Applying himself with commendable zeal to his profession, he invented and patented, in 1860, a double engraver. His profession, however, cannot have been to his taste, for shortly afterwards he abandoned it and entered journalism.

Stockton showed very early a bent to literature. While he was occupied as a draughtsman and engraver in his native city, he connected himself with a local literary and debating society, and soon came to be recognized as its leading spirit. This society proved very stimulating and helpful to the young author, and perhaps gave him his taste for a literary calling.

However that may be, it was during those days, while he was in the engraver's business, that he began to employ his pen and that he wrote some of his juvenile stories, which he kept for years in manuscript in his desk.

In 1867 Stockton abandoned the occupation of an engraver and entered journalism. He first became a reporter on the staff of the Philadelphia *Morning Post*, but soon a more attractive offer came to him from New York, and he thereupon resigned his position with the *Post* to go to New York. Here he became associate editor of *Hearth and Home*, and found a larger field for his pen, which he now kept busy producing "copy," signed and unsigned. Here also he became a constant contributor to *Punchinello* and *Vanity Fair*, the pages of which were enlivened by the products of his wit and humor. From *Hearth and Home* he was called to the editorial staff of *Scribner's Magazine*; and upon the establishment of *St. Nicholas* he was appointed assistant editor of that juvenile monthly.

Perhaps Stockton is best known by his tales for children. The distinction which he enjoys in this field is certainly well earned. He is one of the most entertaining of those American authors who have written children's stories. Some of the most popular of these may be mentioned: his "Ting-a-Ling" series, "Roundabout Rambles," "What Might Have Been Expected," "Tales out of School," "A Jolly Fellowship," and "The Floating Prince." Stockton had a warm place in his heart for the young, and himself never lost interest in youthful aspirations, hopes, and amusements. It was a young heart that beat in his bosom, and that heart never grew old, despite his advancing years. It is said that shortly before he died he was planning "a rollicking boys' book, which should make all the boys and all the girls glad." He was a devoted lover of boys and girls; and these books of his are designed to offer them good, wholesome amusement, such as will make their lives purer and better for the reading.

Stockton, however, was not simply a writer for the young. He wrote stories also for men and women—children of a larger growth. Here are to be classed "The Lady, or the

Tiger?" "The Spectral Mortgage," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," "The Discourager of Hesitancy," "The Christmas Wreck," and "Rudder Grange." His novels include "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," which appeared in 1886, together with the sequel, "The Dusantes," and "The Hundredth Man."

Of all of our author's short stories, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" is the best known. This famous story did more than any other of the author's many clever productions to enhance his reputation as a story-writer. It was soon dramatized, and enjoys the rare distinction of being considered by many eminent critics the finest short story in American literature. By its excellence and popularity it came near ruining its author's market for his literary products, for it set a standard among the magazines which Stockton, however earnestly and industriously he labored, found it well-nigh impossible to live up to. His experience with magazine editors after the publication of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" he has set forth for us in the highly interesting story, "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

Speaking of this experience in a letter to his friend George Cary Eggleston, he says: "After I had written that story, all the editors of all the periodicals wrote asking me to furnish them with short stories. Of course I had a quiver full, and, as these people seemed anxious for them, I thought that my harvest time had come. So I proceeded to write with all my might. But presently the stories began coming back to me with editorial regrets that they did not seem to be equal to 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' In other words, I found that I had ruined my own market by furnishing one story which I could not quite live up to. I succeeded after a while in selling the rejected stories here, there, and everywhere, but the experience was annoying. Among the rejected stories were 'Plain Fishing,' 'The Reversible Landscape,' and others. I wrote 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' in the bitterness of my soul at that period, as a protest against the assumption that when a man does his very best he places

himself under obligation to do as well on every succeeding occasion or starve to death for lack of ability to do so."

Stockton's stories are all marked by quaintness of treatment and subject and by a dry humor. Of his longer stories, probably "Rudder Grange" is the finest. But this book owes its success not so much to its plot as to its genial simplicity and pleasing style. It is not a great story in any sense of the word; it is not a novel; it has no plot, and therefore no climax or *dénouement*. It is merely a succession of entertaining incidents, setting forth the experiences of a young man and his wife, possessed of modest means, who are just starting out in life. Yet there is some attempt at characterization, and the book is replete with incident from cover to cover and is well designed to hold the reader's attention. Like all of Stockton's works, "Rudder Grange" is clean and wholesome and contains nothing morbid or immoral. As a rule, Stockton is weakest in his plots and characterization. In this respect he reminds us of Hawthorne, who, although he wrote four long novels, never created a single individualized character. None of Stockton's characters will endure and become permanent possessions of American literature. They are not clearly enough conceived and executed to be abiding and immortal. Stockton attempted a few things in the grotesque after the manner of Poe; as, for instance, his "Spectral Mortgage" and "Transferred Ghost." But he was no competitor of Poe in this field, for he lacked Poe's robust and abnormal imagination. But this is no disparagement, as no other American has ever equaled Poe in imagination.

One of the most striking features of Stockton's books is their high moral tone. All his works breathe an especially pure and wholesome spirit. He wrote nothing of a questionable character. Whether writing for men and women or for children, he was actuated always by the noblest and loftiest impulses. He wrote nothing which he or any one else could have wished blotted out because of its dubious morality. The truth is, Stockton had a high conception of his art, and he felt that he could not afford to compromise it

in any manner. Never for once, therefore, did he prostitute his profession of letters by catering to the degrading taste, alas! too common, for salacious literature. His books may be read with perfect safety by boys and girls alike, for he was among the purest and wholesomest of our American authors.

As is well known, Stockton had a keen wit. Were it necessary, numerous instances might be cited of this felicitous gift of style. It is generally held that Stockton was also a humorist. In one sense this view is correct, but only in a limited sense. In the currently accepted meaning of the term, the statement is not quite true. He was a humorist, but not a satirist, for Stockton was not a humorist in the sense of being frivolous or mocking at the serious things in life. Many humorists regard nothing as sacred and as being outside the legitimate bounds of jest; even the most serious realities of life are drawn upon for material for their jests. But Stockton was not of this class. To him some things were too sacred to jest about. As a critic has written of him, he never took a flippant view of any sacred thing, and he never made sport of any human emotion that had a heart behind it.

Such was Stockton as we see him now with our relative vision. A gentle wit, a rare humorist, a pure and wholesome author, Frank R. Stockton, as he is familiarly known, has greatly enriched American literature by the contribution of his entertaining and elevating books which his prolific and facile pen had bequeathed his generation before he fell on sleep and was gathered unto his fathers.

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## ROUMANIA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

As a consequence, it would seem, of Secretary Hay's note to the signatory Powers, the Roumanian government, some time since, came to the conclusion that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" demanded the granting of naturalization to Roumanian Jews, hitherto considered as "aliens." Yet our own constitutional system is proof of the fact that a citizen of the United States may be practically deprived of the voting franchise, and of other rights inherent in that of citizenship.

The note in question aroused conflicting feelings abroad. All, or almost all, Jews naturally approved of it, here as well as in Europe. That should not cause surprise. Unfortunately, as in the case of our intervention in Cuba, avowedly interested motives were joined to an appeal in behalf of "humanity." Mr. Hay said: "It behooves the State to scrutinize most jealously the character of the immigration from a foreign land, and, if it be obnoxious, to examine the causes which render it so. Should those causes originate in the act of another sovereign State, to the detriment of its neighbors, it is the prerogative of an injured State to point out the evil and to make remonstrance; for with nations, as with individuals, the social law holds good that the right of each is bounded by the right of the neighbor." And further on he added: "This Government cannot be a tacit party to such an international wrong. It is constrained to protest against the treatment to which the Jews of Roumania are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself, but in the name of humanity."

It might be pertinently asked: Had the emigration of the Jewish inhabitants of Roumania taken another direction than toward the United States—to South America, for the sake of illustration—would our protest against being a "tacit

party" to the "international wrong" ever have been made? The question may be permitted, without desiring to impeach, in any way, the righteousness of the protest. Moreover, in receiving exiled Jews, at no matter what cost to our well-being, we could scarcely be considered as a "party" to the wrong inflicted, since it is acknowledged that here is the only haven of refuge that the persecuted Jews can find. Much more might it be said that we became such a "party" by making a temporarily effective protest, as a result of which those Jews who had started on their journey here—having sold all their worldly goods and purchased their railway tickets—were prevented by the Roumanian authorities from emigrating.

Nevertheless, in a dispatch dated July 22, 1872, the Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, wrote to Mr. Curtin, our Minister to Russia:<sup>1</sup> "It has been suggested to this Department, and the suggestion is concurred in, that if the sympathy which we entertain for the inhumanly persecuted Hebrews in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia were made known to the government to which you are accredited, it might quicken and encourage the efforts of that government to discharge its duty as a protecting power pursuant to the obligations of the treaty between certain European States. Although we are not a party to that instrument, and, as a rule, scrupulously abstain from interfering, directly or indirectly, in the public affairs of that quarter, the grievance adverted to is so enormous as to impart to it, as it were, a cosmopolitan character, in the redress of which all countries, governments, and creeds are alike interested. You will consequently communicate on this subject with the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Russia, in such a way as you may suppose might be most likely to compass the object in view."

It will be seen that to suppose that any special influence could be exerted by Russia would be to suppose a constructive contravention of the terms of the Treaty of Paris, as

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<sup>1</sup>MSS. Inst. Russia; For. Rel., 1872; from Wharton's "Digest of International Law," Section 55.

confirmed by the Treaty of London, which forbid a separate right of interference in the internal affairs of those principalities. Again, in the light of the strong influence exerted by Russia on Roumanian affairs up to, and for some years after, that time, and of the Department's present knowledge that Roumania's policy, with regard to the Jews, was much the same as that of Russia, it is astonishing that it should now imagine Secretary Hay's note would be regarded with *complaisance* by the Russian government, or would tend to make things any better for us in the future, whether or not it might help the Roumanian Jews.

By the Treaty of Berlin, of 1878, the signatory Powers recognized the independence of Roumania, subject, however, to these conditions: that the difference of religious creeds and confessions should "not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions, and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries in any locality whatsoever." Also, that the freedom and outward exercise of all forms of worship should "be assured to all persons belonging to the Roumanian State, as well as to foreigners;" that no hindrance should be "offered either to the hierarchical organization of the different communions, or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs;" and that "the subjects and citizens of all the powers, traders or others," should be treated "without distinction of creed, on a footing of perfect equality." (Article XLIV.)

With reference to this article of the treaty, Mr. Thomas Erskine Holland says:<sup>2</sup> "In August, 1879, the Powers had nearly agreed to employ coercion to obtain the performance of these conditions, . . . but the Chambers having, in November, repealed Art. 7 of the Constitution of 1866 (Leg. Ottom. li., 96), which excluded nonchristians from naturalization, identical notes were presented on February 20, 1880, to the Roumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs by the agents

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<sup>2</sup>"European Concert in the Eastern Question," pages 301, 302, note.

of Germany, France, and Great Britain announcing the intention of their governments to enter into diplomatic relations with the country. Austria, Italy, and Russia had previously taken this step. The large number of Jews in Roumania (400,000, it is said, in a total population of 4,500,000) has, however, continued to give rise to difficulties. Individual naturalization is required before full political rights can be acquired, and foreigners are incapable of holding land."

It will be seen, from the foregoing, that Russia was not one of those Powers which held out until assurances had been given that justice would be rendered to the Jews by Roumania, in accordance with the treaty; also, that no more is now promised, as a result of Secretary Hay's circular note, than was promised to the Powers twenty-three years ago, as well as to the American Minister at Vienna in February, 1879.

Thus, negotiations having been begun through the Roumanian Envoy at Vienna, M. Balatshano, for this government's entrance into diplomatic relations with the new Power, Mr. Kasson relates a conversation held with him,<sup>3</sup> in the course of which M. Balatshano, in response to allusions made by our Minister, assured him that the laws of Roumania would be so changed as to meet the requirements of the Treaty of Berlin with respect to the Roumanian Jews, and to establish for them the basis of absolute equality before the law with other races. He said that as the number of Roumanian Jews was estimated at 600,000—less than one-tenth being native-born—he thought his country had "a right to protect her own native race from being overwhelmed by a foreign invasion of this character which did not wish to submit to the duties and responsibilities which are borne by natives of the Roumanian race." Mr. Kasson adds that the Roumanian Minister then "referred with politeness, and not without a point which I appreciated, to the law just

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<sup>3</sup>Mr. Kasson to Mr. Evarts, February 16, 1879; For. Rel., 1879; Austria-Hungary.

passed by one House of our Congress for the suppression of Chinese immigration to the United States, although the proportion of that race present in the United States to the native population is minute in comparison with that of the Jewish immigrants to the native Roumanians."

It was finally decided, in 1880, to send a diplomatic representative to Bucharest, the title chosen by Congress—with a fine disregard of the accepted rules now governing intercourse between nations—being that of "Diplomatic Agent and Consul General." Indeed, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who had been appointed to the position, "suggested to the State Department all the difficulties that might arise, as Roumania, *being then independent both in fact and by treaty* [italics those of the writer]," "would insist on having a diplomatic representative called by one of the titles agreed to by the rules of the Congress of Vienna. He was, therefore, accredited directly to the sovereign, with the expectation that he might come in under the general clause of 'other persons accredited to sovereigns' (Rules of Vienna, Art. I.). This, however the Roumanians refused to permit, and for some months he was refused any official recognition. It was only when his title was altered to that of *Chargé d'affaires*, and he received his commission as such, accredited not to the prince but to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that he was considered to belong to the diplomatic body and allowed to treat officially with the government."<sup>4</sup>

To show, however, that our sympathy for the "inhumanly persecuted Hebrews in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia" (as expressed by Secretary Fish in the above cited dispatch of July 22, 1872), did not prevent our desiring a closer connection with the government that still persecuted them, a dispatch from Mr. Evarts to Mr. Kasson (for some reason not found in the volumes of "Foreign Relations" for that year), dated August 9, 1879, says: "Although the mitigation of the persecution of the Hebrew race in Roumania could not be made a *sine qua non* to the establishment of

<sup>4</sup>"American Diplomacy," pages 120, 121.



official relations with that country, yet it may be made the subject of kindly representations prior to the establishment of such relations."<sup>5</sup>

Secretary Hay's note should have been addressed to the Roumanian government, and not to the signatory Powers; for it is evident from what precedes—and it could be further easily proved—that Roumania, as a Power, retained her capacity to treat, as well as to make peace or war; that she had exercised the rights of a sovereign State, *de facto* as well as *de jure*—rights and capacities essential to sovereignty—and that the United States government had fully recognized such exercise on her part. She has, however, waived this advantage, and acted or promised to act. We have here another mistake of American diplomacy settled in our favor more by good luck than by good management.

In Wharton's "Digest of International Law" (already cited)—which may be considered in the light of a government text-book—Chapter III. treats of "Intercession with Foreign Sovereignities;" and the general rule is said to be—as it has been in the main, since the foundation of the republic—that of nonintervention in the affairs of foreign nations. But to this general rule there are thirteen separate and distinct "exceptions," which are enumerated as follows: Relief and protection of citizens abroad; agencies to obtain information as to pending insurrection; sympathy with liberal political struggles; hospitality to political refugees; mediation; necessity, as where marauders can be checked only by such intervention (and to this exception there are five subdivisions); explorations in barbarous lands (*e. g.*, the Congo); intercession in extreme cases of political offenders; international courts in semicivilized lands; good offices for missionaries abroad; good offices for persecuted Jews; nonprohibition of publications and subscriptions in aid of political action abroad; charitable contributions abroad. Under all the varying circumstances detailed above the United States gov-

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<sup>5</sup>Wharton's "Digest of International Law," second edition, Section 55, MSS. Inst. Austria.

ernment claims the right to interfere or take appropriate action.

On the other hand, under the head of "Intervention of European Sovereigns in Affairs of This Continent—Monroe Doctrine;" there are *no* exceptions made in favor of such sovereigns; and the "Special Applications" of that Doctrine—of which there are likewise thirteen—are indicated as being in the cases respectively of Mexico; Peru; Cuba; San Domingo and Hayti; Danish West Indies; Hawaii (Sandwich Islands); Samoa, the Caroline, and other Pacific Islands; Korea; Falkland Islands; Liberia; China; Japan; Turkey, Tripoli, and Tunis—a fairly comprehensive list.

What, at first view, from the above partial "table of contents," would a foreigner suppose the policy and claims of our government to be? Our excursions into the field of world-politics bid fair, in the future, to have some curious effects. Whether the results for us will be as favorable as in the case of Napoleon's "disregard of the rules of warfare," of which his opponents complained, remains to be seen.

The difficulty of adhering to the Monroe Doctrine, and yet of making a virtual claim to interfere in the domestic affairs of other nations—and that indirectly—should be evident. The one attitude appears to the sense of the world at large as incompatible with the other, and no subtle reasoning will change this. If the United States government had intentionally sought an *endroit* where it could step in with the probability of stirring up strife and causing at least ill feeling toward ourselves, it could not have chosen better. It was certainly plunging *in medias res*. And the ill feeling will remain, notwithstanding the apparent perfect success obtained. For was not the "Monroe Doctrine" directed primarily against the "Holy Alliance"—called, at first, the "Sacred Alliance"—that is to say, the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, and the King of Prussia, acting as absolute sovereigns without the intervention of responsible Ministers or diplomatic agents; the ostensible object of that alliance being the subordination of politics to the Christian religion; the real principle, the establishment of *jure divino* autocracy?

cies, each sovereign incorporating in himself "the Christian religion," as well as supreme political power?

And yet membership in that very Alliance was suggested to this government early in 1820 by the Emperor of Russia. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, in declining this invitation, wrote to our Minister at St. Petersburg (July 5, 1820): "The political system of the United States is essentially extra-European. To stand in firm and cautious independence of all entanglement in the European system has been a cardinal point in their policy under every administration of their government from the peace of 1783 to this day." An odd spectacle, indeed, would have been presented had the Monroe Doctrine been promulgated against ourselves as a member of that Alliance; such promulgation necessarily involving noninterference, on our part, in South and Central American affairs. Yet might not such international stipulation—such membership—have proved, in a certain degree, an advantage to this country? To have, by the acceptance of Russia's offer (followed by the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine), in a sense enjoined ourselves, with the three allied Powers, from interference involving the grasping of territory in those countries, might have resulted in proving, for the time at least, to such Powers—as well as to those outside the "Alliance"—that our action was wholly disinterested, a thing they are not all now ready to admit.

The late Edward J. Phelps said, of the Monroe Doctrine, that "expressing nothing, it may be understood to express anything;" and that the uncertainty of what is meant by it "is made apparent by the efforts of recent writers and orators to define it, for no two of them agree." These words were contained in an address delivered by him about three months after President Cleveland's manifesto with reference to the adjustment of the Venezuela boundary, as to which he "ventures respectfully to assert that it is a controversy we have no right to meddle with."<sup>6</sup> Are we then consistent

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<sup>6</sup>"The Monroe Doctrine," in "America and Europe: a Study of International Relations," pages 81, 82.

—to say nothing of prudence—in establishing a precedent, as a result of which some future administration, less cautious than the present one, shall fling a match into the “powder magazine of Europe”—the Balkans? We have been disposed in the past to jeer at and condemn what we call the feeble efforts of the Powers to come to an agreement in the matter of coercing the Porte, after the various Armenian and other massacres that have from time to time taken place in the Turkish dominions. It remains to be seen what figure we shall ourselves cut, when once the international Rubicon—in this case the broad Atlantic—is crossed; and we are taking our part, as a world Power, in the settlement of questions on which hang in truth—as we shall then find out—the fate of nations. President Roosevelt has called the war of 1898 a “little war.” And yet it was no less a soldier than the Duke of Wellington who, in addressing the House of Lords in January, 1838, and speaking of England, entreated his hearers, as well as the government, not to forget that a great country can have “no such thing as a little war.” That if certain operations were entered upon, “they must do it on such a scale, and in such a manner, and with such determination as to the final object,” as to make it quite certain that those operations would succeed, “and that, at the very earliest possible period.” Into such a war as might break out in Europe—and into which we might be drawn—we could not enter “with a light heart,” as the French are said to have begun that of 1870.

Since Moldavia and Wallachia—now included, with the Dobrudja, in the kingdom (until 1881 the principality) of Roumania—formerly constituted an integral portion of the Turkish empire, an extract from the introduction to Holland’s “European Concert in the Eastern Question” (published in 1880) may not be out of place here, as showing the advisability of letting sleeping dogs lie. “At the Congress of Vienna, the Eastern question was ignored, and with good reason. The Allies were sufficiently occupied in re-

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<sup>1</sup>Jennings’s “Anecdotal History of the British Parliament,” page 239.



storing the balance of power in Western Europe, and were by no means anxious to encourage any movement on the part of discontented nationalities. The Emperor Alexander was perhaps additionally averse to any discussion which might interfere with the long-cherished designs of Russia upon Constantinople. A similar policy guided the subsequent Congresses of the Holy Alliance. . . . But the policy of the Holy Alliance fell into discredit, and the Western Powers had leisure during the long peace both to extend their sympathy to the subject races of the Ottoman empire and to watch with jealousy the encroachments made upon that empire by Russia." After reading these lines, it does not require a great deal of acumen to perceive what we might drift into, should we try to exert anything else than a moral influence in that sphere of action. Assertion of authority to interfere implies a certain responsibility for the result of such interference, whether joint or several. Yet, have we been sufficiently successful on the whole in our direct negotiations with Turkey, with reference to claims for injury to the persons or property of our citizens—except, it must be allowed, in the case of the Harpoot indemnity—to warrant the belief that we should do better than the great European Powers have done in the past? And is it so certain that our sympathy for distressed nationalities or peoples—as in this case for the Roumanian Jews—may not be worked upon to our injury; as there is danger, at any time, of its happening with respect to the South American republics? Precisely to the extent that Russia, Austria, and Prussia—the original Holy Alliance—have great interests at stake in the Balkan principalities, in just so far will neither one of them thank us for having prematurely stirred up matters, if—to employ the language of Mr. Holland, quoted above—they are as yet "by no means anxious to encourage any movement on the part of discontented nationalities;" and Russia in particular will be "additionally averse to any discussion which might interfere with" her "long-cherished designs" upon Constantinople.



A press dispatch from St. Petersburg, dated September 25, 1902, stated that the Russian Foreign Office had not as yet acted on Secretary Hay's note; that it "did not anticipate practical results therefrom; and that it apparently intended "to leave the initiative to the other signatories," as the question was "regarded as an internal affair of Roumania;" concluding thus: "The government of Russia is not inclined to insist on the performance of the Berlin treaty. It is pointed out that, even if the Powers acquiesced in Secretary Hay's proposal, Roumania could always claim that her anti-Semitic legislation was nonreligious and purely economic." This is the precise ground taken by Prince Lobanoff, Foreign Minister, and the Russian government in 1895, with reference to the exclusion of American Jews from the Russian empire.\*

Taking into consideration, then, what Russia's influence has been in the past—and probably still is, notwithstanding that King Carol I. is a German—with the Roumanian government and people, is it so positive, in the light of our experience with the latter country, that her good intentions may not suffer from a backsliding; and that the next time our remonstrance is made the circumstances may be such, internationally, that the response will not be so favorable; that it may even—especially when relying, if not on the support of Russia, on that of one of the other signatory Powers most concerned—be so worded as to arouse a spirit of resentment in our people which might carry us further than we now think possible?

EDMUND ARTHUR DODGE.

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\*See his note to Mr. Breckinridge, our Minister at St. Petersburg, dated July 8, 1895; *For. Rel.*, 1895; Russia.

## THE FAR EASTERN SITUATION.

THE recent diplomatic controversy concerning the actions of Russia in Manchuria and at the Court of Peking is now a closed incident, but the situation which gave rise to it is still one of the most vital questions in the world of politics. Day by day it is becoming increasingly evident that what the balance of power in Europe has been to the politics of the nineteenth century that of the balance of power in the Orient will be to the twentieth century. In the former question the United States had simply an academic interest; in the latter it has both a political and commercial interest, due to our possession of the Philippines and our rapidly expanding Oriental trade. While, therefore, the balance of power in Europe affected Europe only, that of the balance of power in the Orient involves the interests of all the leading powers of Europe, Asia, and America.

Up to a decade ago the question attracted very little attention, for until then the influence of England was unquestionably the supreme influence in the Orient, and under such conditions the question appeared to be a very simple one. But the Chino-Japanese war changed the face of affairs. By combining with Germany and France, Russia succeeded in depriving Japan of the greater part of the fruits of her victory. The pretext under which this action was consummated, solemnized, and made respectable was the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese Empire.

Yet the zeal for maintaining the integrity of the Chinese Empire, which was consuming in its intensity, very soon manifested itself in rather a remarkable way, for hardly had Japan been ousted from the Lao-Ting Peninsula when Russia made the discovery that the said peninsula would be useful to her, as it would furnish her a nice free port, a naval base, a terminus for her Trans-Siberian Railway, and an excuse to have troops within easy striking distance of Peking.

and, simultaneously with this revelation, Germany became convinced that, under all the circumstances in the case, the harbor of Kiao-Chow, together with a considerable portion of the province of Shantung, was a fair equivalent to her for two German missionaries. France received, as her share in the reward for guarding the territorial integrity of China, the occupation of Suangchow Bay, in the province of Suangting, her lease being similar to the one under which Russia was given possession of Port Arthur and its adjacent territory. Thus none of them returned from their labor of love empty-handed.

During this period of zealous activity of the allies on behalf of China, the diplomacy of England in the Orient was lamentably weak and invertebrate. English diplomats did not seem to awaken to a realization of what had been going on at the Tsung li Yamen until 1898. Then they awoke to find that Russian and not English influence was dominant in China. Nor can this change be attributed to the Boer war; since it had been wrought as early as 1896, and was due very largely to the weak and vacillating policy of England at the close of the China-Japanese War. Had she played a strong hand at that time, she could have saved herself much loss of prestige, both political and commercial, and at the same time promoted the peace of the world.

The acquisition of Wei-Hai-Wei was an attempt upon the part of England to offset the advantage gained by Russia in the possession of Port Arthur, but a more extended study at close range has shown that as a naval base it is almost worthless as compared with Port Arthur. The fact is that Port Arthur is, as the Japanese and Russians fully realize, by far the most commanding port in China. That the English are now convinced of the inferiority of Wei-Hai-Wei may be safely concluded from the fact that they have given up the project of fortifying it.

Having failed single-handed to regain her lost prestige in the Orient, England resorted to an alliance with Japan to accomplish the desired end. It is perhaps too soon to say whether or not this will be successful, as that is a question

which the future alone can answer. But we may say that, as a general proposition, an alliance is a confession of weakness rather than an evidence of strength, and, as a rule, confessions of weakness are not well calculated to increase prestige.

After having secured a lease of Port Arthur, Russia lost no time in pushing a branch of her Trans-Siberian Railway through Manchuria to that port; so that when the Boxer outbreak occurred in 1900 she had an excellent excuse for placing her troops in Manchuria in order to protect her railway in that province. It would seem to the outsider that out of her abundant caution she has been rendering ample protection to this railway, for even two years after the Boxer outbreaks in that region were at an end she had in Manchuria eighty thousand troops—a larger body than the standing army of the United States, and as large a number as England has in India for the purpose of enforcing order among three hundred million people of an alien race. A solemn promise had been given by Russia to withdraw these troops by a fixed date, unless disorders in the Chinese Empire rendered it inadvisable to do so. Her recent attempts to evade the fulfillment of this promise, coupled with certain demands upon China, resulted in the recent strained relations.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us view the situation as it presents itself to-day. Russia is, in accordance with her usual custom, playing a waiting game. She will avoid, if possible, being forced to show her hand until Manchuria has become Russianized by the influx of Russian capital and colonists. We may get some idea of the rate at which the former is going on from the fact that the Russian government is spending eighty million dollars a year upon improvements in Dalny alone; and, while there are no available statistics, it is well known that in many of the towns along the railway the Russians are already in the majority. It needs no argument to prove that this rapid growth of Russian interests in Manchuria will strengthen the hands of the Russian diplomats.

It is true that Russia has made a solemn disclaimer of any intention to retain possession of Manchuria permanently.



But he who would ascertain what Russia intends to do should seek evidence in the acts of her officials as well as in the words of her diplomats, and when these two cannot be made to harmonize, it is at least equally safe to rely upon the former. Such being the case, we have but to study the amount and the character of the expenditures of the Russian government at Port Arthur and at Dalny in order to conclude that Russia does not intend to abandon Manchuria unless forced to do so.

This brings us face to face with the question: Are the interests of the other Powers such as to warrant an appeal to force in order to convince Russia that the principle of the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be observed by her as well as by Japan? In endeavoring to answer this question, the character as well as the extent of the interests must be considered.

China undoubtedly has a sufficient interest, as the acquisition of Manchuria by Russia would be the signal for a further dismemberment of her empire. But, unfortunately, China has neither the national spirit nor the organization to enable her to use force effectively against Russia. Hence, if the territorial integrity of China is to be preserved, it must be with the assistance of the other Powers.

Next to China, Japan has by far the most vital interest. This is of a political and military as well as of a commercial nature. With Russia in complete possession of Manchuria, Corea is doomed. To prevent this is a life-and-death matter with Japan. Japan can never afford to let Russia get possession of Corea, and will never permit it until she has exhausted the strength of her naval and military arms. Hence, Japan had far better accept the issue with reference to Manchuria than to wait until Russia is firmly established upon Corea's western frontier. When it is evident that force must be resorted to, it is akin to folly to let the enemy choose his own time and field of battle. At present Japan has many advantages arising from her geographical position. She can get "on the ground" first, strike the first blow, and by using Corea as a base cut the Russian line of communication be-



tween Vladivostock and Port Arthur—an advantage which to Japan is worth several army corps. It is for this reason that Russia has for years been planning to get control of Corea. Once in possession of Corea, Russia could not only protect her communications between Vladivostock and Port Arthur by sea and land, but would be a constant menace to the safety of Japan. The Muscovite could then dictate terms at Tokio as now at Peking.

Japan is not at present unprepared for war, either from the standpoint of national spirit and determination or material equipment and military organization. Such is the discipline and efficiency of her army and the strength of her navy that she would give a very good account of herself in a war with Russia. That it would be exceedingly expensive for Russia to wage war so far from her base of supplies and with troops individually superior to her own must be evident to Russia as well as to every one else. In the naval contest, Japan would have a decided advantage, as her navy is superior to the Russian squadron in Asiatic waters. Under all the circumstances it is safe to predict that the outcome would at least not be evident from the start, as is asserted by many who reckon strength by numbers only.

The interests of England and of the United States, unlike those of China and Japan, are principally commercial. Yet even commercial interests are not to be lightly disregarded in an age of strenuous competition for the markets of the world. Such has been the rapid growth in our exports that in certain lines we control the Manchurian trade. If we can maintain access to the Manchurian markets upon equal terms with Russia, our cotton trade alone will very soon amount to ten million dollars annually. Hence it is not surprising that the United States should have been the first to protest against the Russian demand upon China that no more foreign consulates or open ports be established in Manchuria.

Not only is the maintenance of open markets in Manchuria a matter of importance to our Southern cotton mills, but the value of Manila as an entrepôt of trade depends measurably upon the maintenance of the open door throughout China.

Whatever threatens the policy of the open door in China affects us to such an extent that it is our duty to speak, and our position in the Orient entitles us to be heard. Were it certain that Russia would adhere to the policy of the open door in Manchuria after absorbing that province, a change of political sovereignty from China to Russia would not affect our commercial interests injuriously.

True, Russia has assured the United States that she will adhere to the said policy. But, as is usual in Russian diplomacy, her promises contain a saving clause which, in the present case, is the following, "as that principle (the open door) is understood by the imperial government." When translated, this means that Russia intends to be the sole interpreter of our treaties with China, and to grant us such commercial privileges in Manchuria as she feels compelled to. It has not been the custom of the United States to have her treaties authoritatively interpreted by outsiders, and I doubt if, as a self-respecting nation, we can afford to yield to any such pretensions upon the part of Russia. To compel respect for our treaties, it has never been necessary to use actual force, and in all probability never will be so long as it is well understood that force will be appealed to as a last resort.

To England the question presented is partly commercial and partly strategic, for the supremacy of English influence in the Yangtse Valley can be much more easily maintained when Russian rule stops at the northern boundary of Manchuria than when it extends to within easy striking distance of Peking. Such being the case, England cannot well afford to stand idly by and see Manchuria become a Russian province. It would seem that her most advisable way to prevent this would be to strengthen the hands of Japan and China; and it is equally clear that this assistance should not be confined to the writing of dispatches or a liberal supply of "moral support," but should take the more substantial form of loans. Also the presence of a rather strong British squadron in Asiatic waters would exert a salutary influence.

Germany claims to have no interest in the matter, and would no doubt keep "hands off," as she would have more to

gain by so doing. Asia Minor is at present a more productive field of operation for Germany than is China. Furthermore, the position of a neutral usually has its decided advantages. Were France to follow the line of greatest advantage, which in this case coincides with the line of least resistance, she also would remain neutral; but the power of habit is strong, and France has become so used to having her foreign policy dictated from St. Petersburg that it is difficult to say just what attitude France would assume.

A more exhaustive discussion would undoubtedly be valuable, but perchance enough has been said to make clear that the question is of vital importance and hence worthy of the most careful study; that it is far from being settled; and that its settlement may yet convulse three continents. Our own policy is one of far-reaching importance; and as in a republic national policies, whether foreign or domestic, are determined largely by public opinion, it is of supreme moment that public opinion be enlightened upon this question.

EDWIN MAXEY.

## REVIEWS.

### A HISTORY OF TEXAS.

**TEXAS: A CONTEST OF CIVILIZATIONS.** By George P. Garrison. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. (American Commonwealths.)

The sub-title, "A Contest of Civilizations," well denotes the scope and character of the work. It is a story of colonial Texas in its world setting. We may almost say, indeed, that with true Texan expansiveness the author has given us a sketch of the history of the world since 1492 as focusing upon the colony of Texas. An outline of the history of Texas since the achievement of independence fills the last ninety pages of the volume, but forms no essential part of it. The author's spontaneous work is devoted altogether to the strife of nationalities in the colonial wilderness. Badly handled figures of speech, which render the diction quite faulty, are sprinkled throughout the pages; but the handling of the material is excellent, and the arrangement in the large would be hard to improve upon. In a word, Prof. Garrison has written a quite valuable monograph upon the international struggle for Texas, has added to it a sketch of the later history, and has somewhat unsuccessfully cast the whole into a popular form. The treatment of the Spanish settlement and administrative system is thoroughly good. The several types of settlement, the mission, the presidio, and the pueblo, are given critical study. There are good chapters upon "The Failure of the Spanish Way," "Mexico at the Wheel," and "Austin's Colony." The handling of military affairs is less happy. The border skirmishes were intricate in their immediate causes and in their strategy. The question arises whether it is worth while to bother one's brain over them at the sacrifice of attention to the economic and social development in the American period. We could wish that the author would tell something of the origin of the immigrants from the United States, and their various actuating motives. What use did the settler make of the square mile

or more of land which was assigned him? Was Texas in the early American period more distinctively Southern or Western in its institutions and atmosphere? A study of the physical conditions, of the origin and inheritance of the people, of the changes wrought by slavery, and of the social development would be a fine contribution to the internal history of the United States. We may hope that Prof. Garrison or some other well-equipped Texan will turn his hand to the work. Meanwhile we can only thank the author for his contribution to the institutional and political history of colonial Texas.

ULRICH B. PHILLIPS.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO. FROM EMPIRE TO REPUBLIC. The Story of the Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903.

Almost coincident with the appearance of the Texas volume in the American Commonwealth Series of Prof. Garrison, of the University of Texas, is the publication of a new volume on Mexico by Mr. Arthur Howard Noll, of the University of the South. Mr. Noll is already favorably known for his "Short History of Mexico"—a new edition of which, with added material, appears at the same time—and for other Mexican and Southwestern sketches and narratives. The present volume bears the title of "From Empire to Republic: The Story of the Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico." It is provided with a boundary map of Mexico, 1821-1903, and portraits of Emperor Maximilian, Benito Juarez, and Porfirio Diaz. Best of all there are two appendices, one giving a chronological summary of principal events related to Mexican history (1469-1900), and the other twelve pages of an extensive bibliography pertaining to Mexican history. This last feature, unfortunately lacking in Prof. Garrison's Texas volume which has distinctly broken new ground, would alone be worth the price of the book to the student and to a library.

Mr. Noll has given us not only a valuable but a readable narrative. The style is pleasing, and even amid the revolu-



tions and counter-revolutions, for which Mexican and, indeed, most Spanish-American history is famous, the thread of logical and constitutional development is kept. When we come to the nineteenth century, the war with the United States and a later period, in the persons of Iturbide, Santa Anna, the Emperor Maximilian, Juarez, and Diaz, we have some clever portraiture and happy characterization. Intended to meet a popular demand, it is yet a substantial contribution to and interpretation of a difficult subject; and the volume will not only find a place for itself, but incite further the specialist to work up particular phases and periods of the history of our sister republic which is becoming more and more visited and investigated by Americans, better understood by them, and more closely allied with them.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD IN THE ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Herbert W. Paul. *English Men of Letters*. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

We are probably too near Matthew Arnold's time and judgments to get the impersonal point of view; yet no continuation of the *English Men of Letters* Series could have long omitted him. It is a helpful and suggestive rather than a remarkable or even sympathetic book that Mr. Paul has produced. Indeed, this lack of sympathy, while not so marked as in Mr. Saintsbury's volume on Arnold, has evidently been stimulated by Mr. Saintsbury's example. Mr. Paul's weakness is not in connection with Arnold's theological and political vagaries, as Mr. Saintsbury's was, but with his literary beliefs and valuations. The truth is that Arnold said so many sharp things in his lifetime that we may not be surprised to find the tables turned and the finger pointed at him. But while this may easily be done in cases, it is rather the spirit in which it is done that may be objected to here.

For, after all, why meet dogmatism with dogmatism? Arnold wrote on Byron; Mr. Paul has written on Tennyson. And so Mr. Paul thinks that "it is stranger still that he should consider Byron a greater poet than Tennyson." Yet many agree with Arnold in preferring Byron! Mr. Paul seems to

delight in similar instances and repetitions: "From one of Mr. Arnold's main conclusions I respectfully, and in good company, dissent" (p. 62); "but to the position that he [Burke] was the greatest master of English prose I respectfully demur. The greatest writer of English prose is Shakespeare" (p. 77); and "the effect of these essays on my mind is not precisely what Mr. Arnold intended it to be" (p. 142).

Mr. Paul takes positive delight in detecting flies in the ointment, and in his diversion gives no just and adequate idea of how rare the ointment may be. Apparently, the conclusion is that it is all of a kind and spoiled. Of a quotation he gleefully asks: "Is it not rather tricky, flashy, provincial?" But the joy is unbounded when he catches Arnold misquoting Keats, and is able to point out the correct reading. "What a difference! How tame and awkward is the one; how supremely perfect is the other! . . . But, indeed, Mr. Arnold's reputation would have stood higher [for Mr. Paul] if he had left Keats alone." And this is the last analysis of the noble essay, marred by a slight slip or misprint. He is probably nearer right in criticising Arnold for his lack of appreciation of French poetry.

Mr. Paul's essential trouble is that he wishes to be smart at every hazard. He is speaking of Conington's reported admiration of "Merope:" "He must have taken it with him to his grave, for it died long before its author." In such hands the epigram is perilous: "Like many freethinkers, Mr. Arnold had a horror of disestablishment."

After this it seems stupendous to note Mr. Paul finding fault with Mr. Arnold for want of sympathy: "Mr. Arnold's criticisms of what is unsound in American institutions and manners would have been more effective if he had had, like Mr. Bryce, more sympathy with what was sound in them." Mr. Paul must even take Arnold literally in his essay on Gray, where the critic took as his text four random words, giving them a special meaning of his own and reiterating them for emphasis: *He never spoke out!* Mr. Paul solemnly assures us that what Dr. Warton meant was that Gray was not communicative about the state of his health. If Arnold

could only have lived to see and hear that! Even in the last paragraph of the volume is a scolding: "The great fault of his prose, especially of his later prose, is repetition." Yet we know of text-books on rhetoric that cite extracts plentifully from Mr. Arnold's prose to illustrate how abstruse subjects may be made lucid and interesting despite a natural difficulty.

But where Mr. Paul is at his best—and he has his best—is where he takes himself and Mr. Arnold seriously—viz., in his discussion of Arnold's poetry.

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PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS ON THE DRAMA.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DRAMA. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Prof. Brander Matthews has added to the series of his works, which the Messrs. Scribner are bringing out, a new volume on "The Development of the Drama." Of the ten lectures, making as many chapters in the present volume, certain ones were delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the Brooklyn Institute, the National Institute of Art and Letters, and Columbia University. One chapter, "The Drama in the Eighteenth Century," appeared in the SEWANEE for January.

A closer reading of Mr. Matthews's chapters reveals not only his usual wealth of practical suggestion but much careful thought as to many details as well. Necessarily, no author could master every epoch of the world's drama equally well, and of course Mr. Matthews has not attempted this. His purpose is not so much to emphasize literary values as to lay stress at every period on the drama *as drama*—on "the three-fold influences exerted . . . by the demands of the actors, by the size and shape and circumstances of the theaters of that time, and by the changing prejudices of the contemporary audiences."

His volume "is concerned less with the poetry which illumines the masterpieces of the great dramatists than it is with the sheer craftsmanship of the most skillful playwrights." Dramatic literature is interesting in many ways, as poetry,

as mere literature, as a philosophy of life, as a gallery of portraits, as an expression of national life. To Mr. Matthews it is interesting as "the highest manifestation of the dramatic instinct universal in mankind." And so laying down his principles or suggestions on "The Art of the Dramatist," he passes rapidly in review from this point of development, the "Greek Tragedy," "Greek and Roman Comedy," "Medieval Drama," the flowering of the drama in Spain, in England, in France, the further history in the eighteenth century, in the nineteenth century, and rests with some hints as to "The Future of the Drama." While disclaiming the literary point of view alone, yet at one place the reader will find him more than usually felicitous: in his discussion of the drama in France and in his analysis of the method and art of Corneille, Racine, and Molière.

In characterizing the present and forecasting the future, he is "encouraged to note that a score of years before the century drew to an end the novel was beginning to show signs of slackening energy, while the play was apparently again gathering strength for a sharper rivalry"—and this in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in France, in Scandinavia, in England, and in America. The changes in the construction of the stagehouse, its evolution to a picture frame, as it were, must have far-reaching effects which the modern dramatist will know how to take advantage of. Henceforth he will appeal to the soul through the eye as well as the ear. The drama may develop less as literature but more as drama, as somethingactable. "Ibsen sketches back across the centuries to clasp hands with Sophocles." And yet as literature Ibsen's "technique is the last word of craftsmanship." "His social plays . . . stand as a complete answer to those who think that the drama is now only the idle amusement of men and women who are digesting their dinners." "The drama in its graver aspects, the drama as a contribution to literature and as a form of poetry, is not dead, nor is it dying."

## SOME RECENT FICTION.

PHILOSOPHY 4. A story of Harvard University. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Owen Wister is perennially interesting, although never a person to be followed to actual conclusions. "Philosophy 4" is breezy and vivid, and *mens sana in corpore sano* finds strong exemplification in Bertie and Billy's flesh and blood and bubbling spirits. From the general good cheer of the little volume arises even a touch of pity for the coach condemned for life by fate to facts and figures only. The series of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" was well begun.

HORSES NINE. Stories of Harness and Saddle. By Sewell Ford. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The sketches are simply and pleasantly, though a trifle mechanically, written. They present briefly pictures of horses of nine different classes, the most of them running the whole gamut of horse experience, a few ending in havens where all horses would be, and others finding ultimately from all indications annihilation "in the glue factories and the bone yard." The book is evidently written from intimate knowledge, and if there were a little more vividness of style the appeal of actual fact would have been strong enough to arouse real interest in the animals and the prevention of cruelty to them. "Black Eagle" is the most spirited of the sketches, while the human interest comes out more strongly in "Barnacles" and "Pasha."

ELEANOR DAYTON. By Nathaniel Stephenson. New York: John Lane. MCMIII.

Mr. Stephenson's third volume opens, as seems usual with him, with the situation at a high pitch. Napoleon III. is introduced in the first of the book for the purpose apparently of sounding impressively the prophetic note of tragedy in the life of the heroine, a beautiful Cincinnati at the time in Europe. The prophecy was uttered at a famous private display of portraits, and was occasioned by contrasting the girl with her portrait, which revealed tragic experience as yet un-lived by her. From Paris the scene reverts to Ohio many



years before, when Eleanor Dayton was a "romping little girl upon the outside, wondering little mystic within." The author develops his story on his home ground, finally reaching the time of the opening chapters and then connecting his threads. The treatment is a little less smooth than in former work and the volume seems crowded, but the interest is held. The plot turns persistently to the tragic, and yet clearly and strongly the growth of soul and the riches of spirit successfully triumph over trouble.

**THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE.** By Paul Gwynne. The Macmillan Company. 1903.

This volume, while containing the story of the pagan at the shrine and of a good many other persons as well, is a medley of facts and observations which our author wishes to present to us—the result, probably, of much sojourning in the neighborhood of Santa Fé, "a city of some forty thousand souls in the south of Spain. . . . Their life was free from turmoil, and it even lacked incident; but it was uncursed by the demon of modernity, and therefore it was good to live." The story concerns a Jesuit of a college of Loyola near Santa Fé, and is the oft-repeated one of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland," the confession being made, as in the latter-named book, in church, the priest falling dead at the end. There is apparently no purpose in the book, except to develop his plot; but it contains many ugly characters, a great amount of tortuous intriguing, and murders and insanity thrown in. The narrative, complicated in itself, is rendered very difficult, as before suggested, by heterogeneous matter—the account of the Passion Play, method of fishing, details of living, allusions, translations, and bits of folklore.

**ROMANCES OF COLONIAL DAYS.** By Geraldine Brooks. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

Historical novels and the publishing of diaries and letters have long made the people of other countries familiar with their ancestors; but this field has been comparatively neglected in America, our history probably being so recent as to have seemed to us valueless. That there is much of ro-

mance in it is shown by the nine sketches in which Miss Brooks tells of the loves, happy and unhappy, of the belles and beaux of colonial and the immediate post-revolutionary days. She makes John Alden speak for himself very much to the point in winning his sweet mayflower, Priscilla. A sadder story of Dutch New York follows, though "all's well that ends well" and superfluous people in time pass away. "The Secret of the Trees" is the real identity of beautiful Evelyn Byrd's loved one. The story is delicately told as the tradition has come down to us, only the leaning is to a suitor less known than Lord Peterborough. The reason for calling Lady Spotswood Lady "Spottsgood," and the name Fontaine "Fountain," is not apparent.

Gentler female characters are portrayed in Lady Frankland in "A Crown that Stung" and in Sally in "The Passing of a Sweetheart," while Hannah Waldo acts with great spirit in "The Serving of a Laggard Lover" as does Martha in "The Wooing [and let us add Winning] of a Governor." "A Strain from the Mischianza" recalls the famous fête and revel in Philadelphia and introduces the wit of her day, Miss Franks. The story is based on the idea of a mutual, though undeclared, love between Maj. André and the great beauty, Miss Peggy Chew. The final romance is that of the prim little Abigail Adams and Col. Smith.

## NOTES.

UNDER the title of "The Meaning of Pictures" (Scribner's), and dedicated to the art and literary critic, William Clary Brownell, Prof. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers College, has published his six lectures given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They make a tasteful and handy volume with thirty-one pictures from the masters, representing various periods and schools. The frontispiece is a detail (the head) of Palma Vecchio's Santa Barbara which hangs in the church of Santa Maria Formosa in Venice—a picture interpreted not as a study in brown and gold, but as revealing the dignity, beauty, and grace in the character of a Santa Barbara. The six subjects treated are: "Truth in Painting," "Individuality or the Personal Element," "Imagination of the Artist," "Pictorial Poetry," "The Decorative Quality," and "Subject in Painting." The attitude taken is early announced in the discussion of an old and momentous question as to what constitutes truth in painting and in art generally. The lecturer holds that, after all, only symbols can be employed, that each art has its special signs, and that absolute realism is impossible. The great question of art, therefore, is how far in the use of these symbols it has been influenced by the personal element of the artist, by his imagination, and by his decorative instinct. This determines largely the divisions and subjects of the lectures and chapters here given. In the abundance of illustrative material, and in the spirit of the speaker, the volume constitutes an urgent plea for breadth of conception, absence of partisanship, and the endeavor to find the meaning and the good in all examples of art that live for us. An index to names would have been desirable.

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"The Old and the New Renaissance" is the title of "A Group of Studies in Art and Letters" (Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South) by Edwin Wiley, of Vanderbilt University. The contents comprise five essays or addresses on "The Spirit of the Renaissance and Its Inter-

pretation by Painting," "Albrecht Dürer and the German Renaissance," "Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites," "William Morris, Master Craftsman," "George Inness and Painters of the Inward Light," and a good index. In his "Foreword" the author does not "claim any particular originality in material or method of treatment; to do so in the face of the work of more competent and scholarly writers to whom he owes a debt quite beyond repayment would be manifest supererogation." Mr. Wiley is his own best critic, and, however sympathetic and stimulating these lectures may be to classes and audiences as yet unacquainted with art, as introducing them to the subject and suggesting to them wider interests, yet they necessarily have the disadvantage of being taken at second-hand from those who have seen and studied these artists and the original paintings for themselves. It is a question, or rather not a question, whether one capable of such good work and as sensitive to art impressions as Mr. Wiley has shown himself to be would not do better, when he comes to publish, in a field which he has opportunity to make and has made his own.

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Mr. John Lane is publishing a series of outdoor handbooks, three of which are: "The Tramp's Handbook," by Harry Roberts, general editor of the series; "The Tree Book," by Mary Rowles Jarvis; and "The Motor Book," by R. J. McCreedy, editor of the Dublin *Motor News*. The last, being mainly on the construction and care of the petroleum motor, is rather technical for the general reader not yet possessing such an automobile; but its author believes the day not far distant when the horse will be a rare object and all of us will have use for the automobile personally or publicly. But every one knows what it is to tramp these summer and autumn days, and every one loves trees and ought to know them. "The Tramp's Book" is a mine of useful information by one who has tramped, and both it and "The Tree Book" make good reading besides. The charm of outdoor life, its poetical aspects united with its practical, rests on these writers who love life and nature, and books too.

Not of the same series, but akin, is "Life in the Mercantile Marine," by Charles Protheroe (John Lane). Some of the sentences are top-heavy and do not worry themselves about ending and preserving concords; but the language is generally idiomatic, and the book gives the picture of a sailor's life when there were sailboats, and not steamers, everywhere. Particularly, the writer deprecates that the British merchant marine is no longer so British as it was, but largely foreign, and in this at least urges a return to the old days.

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The career of John C. Calhoun is one of the most striking and interesting and, at the same time, seemingly most difficult to students of our American history. Von Holst's biography in the American Statesmen Series was a misfit—the least satisfactory in a generally valuable series. That of John S. Jenkins, long the most accessible, was a mere introduction to Calhoun's outward political career. Col. Thomas's "Carolina Tribute" to Calhoun was a collection, and perhaps the most serviceable hitherto. The late Mr. Justice Lamar's and the late Dr. Curry's and others' papers were intended to be no more than addresses for special occasions. Then came the splendid volume of Prof. Jameson for the American Historical Association, comprising the most characteristic of Calhoun's letters to his family and friends. At the bicentenary of Yale College two years ago, Calhoun was admittedly the foremost figure in public life Yale had contributed to the country.

The enthusiasm of Mr. Gustavus M. Pinckney, of the Charleston, S. C., bar, who, it may be remembered, wrote on Calhoun's correspondence for the SEWANEE, has found further outlet in a small "Life of Calhoun," published by the Walker Evans & Cogswell Company of Charleston.

This volume of 251 pages cannot and does not pretend to be based on special investigations, nor yet is a complete character portrayal, and much less an historical study of the time and occasion. Dedicated "to American citizens everywhere," it is an intentional eulogy, growing out of the au-



thor's personal enthusiasm for his subject amid scenes where Calhoun lived and worked, and where still linger traditions and mementos of the statesman. Mr. Pinckney quotes liberally from Calhoun's works to emphasize his point of view, and, as with eulogy, his own language is apt to be rhetorical.

Calhoun is generally conceded to be the typical representative of the Scotch-Irish race in America, devoted to the study of politics apart from theology and metaphysics; and the prediction is ventured that the final biography and the definitive study of Calhoun's career will be best achieved by some descendant of that or the Scotch element in America who possesses related racial instincts and habits of mind. The work demands both imagination and understanding to be sympathetic, and judicial poise to be discriminating and just. Meanwhile, Mr. Pinckney's book, like Col. Thomas's, serves as an indication of the interest and fascination Calhoun holds everywhere with students of American history, and particularly reveals how South Carolina thought and sentiment are loyal to the memory of a statesman who gave his State his unquestioned allegiance, and through her served his country unstintingly.

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The "Report of the Exploration of the Hayes Creek Mound, Rockbridge County, Virginia," by Edward P. Valentine, is a folio descriptive of an Indian burial spot about three miles from the well-known Goshen Pass in Virginia. It contains descriptive matter, diagrams of the location, and reproduction of photographs of representative skulls, bones of man and dog, and bodies of men and women. The exploration was made by Mr. Valentine for the Valentine Museum of Art, of Richmond, and the report published under its auspices.

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In a day when village improvement society work was never more needed and fortunately was never more active, an address by Mr. D. C. Heath, the well-known Boston publisher, read at the Conference of Education Associations and

since published by the Conference, may be heartily commended. The organization and working of such a society, the importance of constant oversight of the sanitary conditions for schools, the emphasis of principals of public hygiene, the care of children's eyesight in the schools, are among the matters emphasized.

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In "Memoirs of a Child" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), Annie Steeger Winston is led to muse of the past, and by putting herself in imagination with children and children's ways of doing and thinking she thus reconstructs to herself her own child's past and wonderings and idealizations and growth and enlargement. The great Goethe once gave the picture of his childhood's thoughts, and named it Truth and Poetry. Such fancyings—the truth and poetry of any one's life—recall the truth and poetry once in all our lives, whatever our vagaries and realities now, and we read with pleasure these pages written with insight and sympathy and a simplicity which constitutes truth.

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"The American Advance," by Edmund J. Carpenter (John Lane), is "a Study in Territorial Expansion." The map of the United States, prefixed to the volume, shows in colors the territory of the original Thirteen States, the Northwest Territory, the Louisiana Purchase, the Florida Cession, Texas as annexed, the Mexican Conquest, the Territory of Oregon, the Gadsden Purchase, and, inserted in a corner, Alaska. This fairly indicates the order of the narrative, each of these subjects having a chapter devoted to its history. Two concluding chapters—one on Hawaii, and the other on Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines—bring the "Expansion" down to, or rather up to, its present status. The intention is a spirit of patriotism and, in a sense, one of sympathy. For, in the words of the preface, which is characteristic of both the spirit and the highly colored literary style of the volume, "One of the great tragedies of human history is the story of the glory and of the fall of the Empire of Spain. . . .

The Republic, indeed, may be said to have been erected upon the ruins of the Empire; for, from the Mississippi and the Gulf to the Pacific, or in the American islands of the Indies, West and East, there is not a foot of soil—save in the vast region of the great Northwest—over which has not floated, above mountain and plain alike, the red and gold banner of Spain." The volume is dedicated "To My Wife and Children." One other interesting feature is that the work comes from Massachusetts, and acknowledgments are made to Senator Lodge (though not to Senator Hoar) for access to material in its preparation.

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Whatever regret was expressed by the world of scholarship at the elevation of Dr. Stubbs to an English bishopric, it is pretty certain that he himself never regarded his work of a bishop as an instance of a *carrière manquée*. His "Ordination Addresses" (Longmans, Green, & Co.) are a sufficient proof of how seriously he took to his work. Careful readers of the "Constitutional History of England" and of the "Roll Papers Introductions" were always able to pierce beneath the scholarly apparatus imposed upon him by his work and detect the strong human element in his vigorous personality. His preëminent judgment and common sense are plainly brought to the surface here. The late Bishop of Oxford was just as honest a Christian as he was an historian. He looked at the facts of Christian life and the facts of Christian history with a wealth of sympathy and spiritual discernment which finds few parallels outside of the Caroline period of English ecclesiastical history. No better nor saner work than this could be found for inspiring the Christian ministry with a sense of its obligations to society, because in it is presented most directly the undying significance of man's relations to an invisible but higher power.

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Those who seek an unhackneyed but reverent treatment of primary religious truth will welcome Canon Henry Robinson's "Human Nature a Revelation of the Divine" (Longmans, Green, & Co.). It contains two vital subjects treated

in a spirit fully adequate to the present needs of popular exposition, without descending to the level of either superficiality or sophistry. Brushing aside theological definitions, which, whatever else their value, bring up the history of past ages of conflicts centering about questions of subordinate interest from the point of view of to-day, the personality of Christ is considered absolutely on the basis of the gospel record. Assuming its accuracy and testing the character so revealed by bringing out its contrast with the phenomena of human nature, the conclusion that Jesus Christ is a divine person is the only one which is satisfactory. An original and direct study of what the Old Testament stands for in religious teaching will be found even more timely than the first series of papers. For those who wish to get at the general significance of the results of the Higher Criticism, we have seen nothing in brief compass more useful, and at the same time more honest, than Canon Robinson's discussion of the sense which must be assigned to the use of the word "revelation" in the Old Testament Scriptures.

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The scope and meaning assigned to ethics in Prof. Ladd's "Philosophy of Conduct" (Scribner's) makes this addition to his philosophical work the keystone of that structure which has been so worthily elaborated in that now long list of volumes by which his name has been placed in the forefront of American scholarship. The distinguishing features of Prof. Ladd's attitude toward philosophy are breadth of view and sense of proportion. These well-known traits are fully brought out in the present work, but there is another quality added to them which is as welcome as it is unexpected. The directness and force of the author's presentation of his subject makes this book especially effective and impressive. The argument never deserts the highest plane of moral elevation, yet the concrete facts of morality, individual and social, secure due recognition. It is just because of the author's power to see things as they are and of his conscientiousness in facing every difficulty that his criticism of determinism is so effective. Especially to be commended is Prof. Ladd's purpose to hold fast to the unity of human nature. He has made good his promise, and we know of no work in which the relation of psychology and metaphysics to ethics is more satisfactorily presented.



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OCTOBER, 1903

- I. *Canadian Novels and Novelists* . . . LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.  
II. *The Real and the Ideal in History* . . . FREDERICK W. MOORE.  
III. *The Services of Naturalism to Life and Literature.*  
MARTIN SCHÜTZE.  
IV. *Browning's Place in the Evolution of English Poetry.*  
LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.  
V. *Sidney Lanier's Lectures* . . . L. W. PAYNE, JR.  
VI. *One Phase of Literary Conditions in the South.*  
CARL HOLLIDAY.  
VII. *Classic Versification in English Poetry of the Sixteenth Century* . . . H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER.  
VIII. *Frank R. Stockton* . . . EDWIN W. BOWEN.  
IX. *Roumania and the Monroe Doctrine.*  
EDMUND ARTHUR DODGE.  
X. *The Far Eastern Situation* . . . EDWIN MAXEY.  
XI. *Reviews:*  
A History of Texas (Prof. Garrison's "Texas: A Contest of Civilizations");  
The Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico (A. H. Noll's  
"From Empire to Republic"); Matthew Arnold in the English Men  
of Letters Series; Professor Brander Matthews on the Drama. Some  
Recent Fiction: Owen Wister's "Philosophy 4;" Sewell Ford's  
"Horses Nine;" Nathaniel Stephenson's "Eleanor Dayton;" Paul  
Gwynne's "The Pagan at the Shrine;" Geraldine Brooks's "Romances  
of Colonial Days."  
XII. *Notes:*  
Prof. J. C. Van Dyke's "The Meaning of Pictures;" Edwin Wiley's "The  
Old and the New Renaissance;" The Country Handbooks; A New  
Life of John C. Calhoun; The Exploration of an Indian Burial Mound  
in Virginia; The Work of a Village Improvement Society; "Memoirs  
of a Child;" "The American Advance;" Bishop Stubbs's "Ordination  
Addresses;" Canon Robinson's "Human Nature a Revelation of the  
Divine;" Prof. Ladd's "Philosophy of Conduct."

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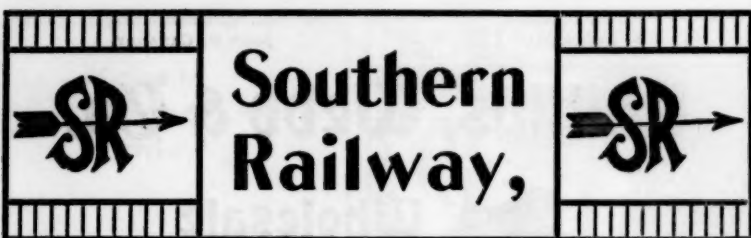


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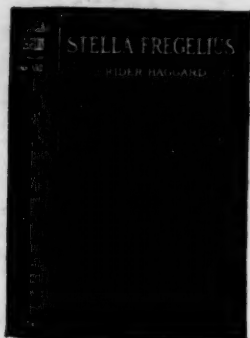
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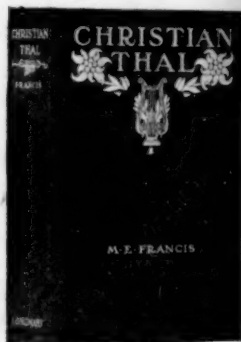
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